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# THE LAW

OF  
NATION

AND  
CIVIL  
SOCIETY

IN  
THE  
UNITED  
STATES

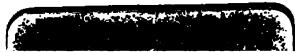
BY  
JOHN  
BROWN  
LODGE,  
LL.D.

PROFESSOR  
OF  
LAW  
IN  
THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF  
VERMONT

WITH  
A  
INTRODUCTION  
BY  
WILLIAM  
H. SCHAFFER,  
LL.D.,  
PROFESSOR  
OF  
LAW  
IN  
THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF  
VERMONT



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# ALCESTIS

VOL. I.



# A L C E S T I S.

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'So love was crowned, but music won the cause

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.



LONDON

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1873

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**TO**

**J. O. B.**



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OF

### THE FIRST VOLUME



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## INTRODUCTION

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BUT a few years have passed since we learnt that one of Germany's most classical theatres, the Dresden Opera House, had been burnt to the ground ; and many will remember their regret at hearing that the chief ornament of the bright city, the beautiful sister of its picture-gallery, the shrine of many great dramatic memories, had become in a single night a heap of rubbish. For who does not now know Dresden as a delightful holiday abode ? It is the property of cheerfully advancing hordes of English and American

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travellers, of patient toilers after sweetness and light. The Cambridge student raves of the paradise where unlimited pipes and beer can be combined with a symphony for six-pence. The fagged schoolmaster flies thither to learn the violoncello, and make up for the deficiencies of a classical education. Here the enterprising mother finds the haven where music-masters, dentists, and artistic ideas can be obtained at small cost, and with little trouble, for her family of growing-up daughters. And all those who love music and Dresden, and have in its theatre received lasting impressions from the great Devrients, have there for the first time heard Mozart and Gluck performed in true classical unity, and have drunk in ecstasy from Weber, and walked home in summer nights converted for

the time to raving Wagnerism—these must have felt inclined to sentimentalise over the pleasant little theatre.

Another fine building will, we hear, soon replace the former one, and the opera has meanwhile been carried on in the old traditions ; but we, who care for the history of music, find much to mourn over, because irrecoverable, in that heap of rubbish which one morning covered the place where Weber's Opera-House had stood. His spirit perhaps hovered there, and now no more finds the place where, his hand softly held in his wife's lap, the happy tears raining down her cheeks, he once listened to the victory of his cherished Freischütz. What had become of the old world ghosts, the old world voices, driven shrieking from their haunts in that night of fire ? The

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ashes represented the walls, some absurd properties, jewels, and gold, and coronation tinsel, the very fleet, the arsenal of the opera and all its magnificence that had flared up to the skies : but in its blaze had also perished instruments dear to many a veteran in the little army of violins ; and precious manuscripts, accumulated through past centuries, and saved from other ruins, and stored up here, though forgotten by the world. From these slowly-consuming parchments it seems to me that the smoke must have risen mournfully in shapes of spirits that were reluctant to depart. For here were the last witnesses of living and life-giving men ; here among the yellowing leaves was perhaps the ‘ precious life-blood of master-spirits ; ’ and vibrations of like emotions to our own beaten

out in music by kindred souls. Nothing remains to us now of many of these creations, but once they were endued with power to live and stir men's hearts; long ago they died to all modern requirements, but here the old scores remained as witnesses of their gentle composers.

Such a score was that of Josquin Dorioz' opera 'Alcesteis,' whose history I write. It once contained the life of two lives; it was heard with delight for many years by thousands; three years ago the last witness of its existence was devoured by fire. Perhaps the recital of its story will yet make a few wish that they had known it, and then the writer will feel that it is not told in vain.



## PART I.

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Zeig' mir die Frucht, die fäult, eh' man sie bricht,  
Und Bäume, die sich täglich neu begrünen.—FAUST.



## CHAPTER I.

### A LANTERN OF COCKCHAFERS.

IN the twilight of a long spring day, about the middle of the last century, the Capellmeister was holding a practice in the church known as the Hof-Kirche at Dresden, with the student boys and girls of the Court choir, whose musical training was one of his special avocations. The empty church lay in darkness below, the great roof was hidden in gloom, only the flaming tapers, fixed to each desk, revealed the stooping back and pigtail of the old man at the organ, and lit up the earnest eyes, upturned chins, and open mouths of the young singers, following, under the organ's sway, the difficult modu-

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lations of a grand *Magnificat* of John Sebastian Bach's. This choir was no ordinary one ; the old gentleman in the pigtail would have told you that it was the greatest in Europe. This was Adolphus Hasse himself, director of the Court Theatre and popular composer of Saxony ; he was that 'caro Sassone' of the celebrated school of Naples, whose famous composers were all great singers themselves and carried its good traditions everywhere in Europe. The Capellmeister has grizzly big eyebrows and a thousand wrinkles : but though so full of age, he only looks dignified when a certain child-like dreaminess comes into his dim old eyes and softens his large mouth ; and this is chiefly when he is pleased and soothed by perfectly performed music, and not vexed and tired by a long interrupted practice. This great man has composed forty and nine operas, he has sung in them all himself ; to him the Dresden

Opera owes its first great days by means of the very training he is now giving to the young band and choir ; but for all that, when our story finds him he is sorely tried by the paltry circumstance of his snuffbox being empty, before the difficult choruses of the *Magnificat* are perfected. The work was to be performed at a special service at which the King himself would be present, and all were eager to do well, anxious for promotion ; but Hasse had interrupted them again and again, and at last the youthful choir's patience was exhausted with the Capellmeister's snuff.

A young lad of about nineteen was made, under these adverse circumstances, to go through his bit of violin solo again ; he had displeased the master, it would seem, by a tendency to hurry the largo and break through the spirit of the theme. Standing out there from among the group of lanky-haired, somewhat heavy-jawed German youths

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around, his slim young figure and dark thin face were bright and expressive, there was a sweet fresh eagerness in his face ; and mingled with a foolish boyishness, I know not what of outward radiance that spoke of the intelligence that was perhaps yet to be developed within. His boy-chin went up in the air when he was interrupted, and his curious frizzing hair fell back upon his shoulders. He played with tone and spirit, but the severe Hasse would not be satisfied ; he accompanied the player with such epithets as ‘frivolous Frenchman,’ ‘Spring in’s Feld,’ and at last told him he was an unprofitable pupil, and bade him sit down. Perhaps it was only a snuffless Capellmeister’s passing caprice, perhaps there was a certain carelessness in the lad’s manner that irritated him, but he turned from him at last in a rage ; and giving a deep sigh, gazed around till his eyes fell on a quite young girl, sitting opposite among the

trebles, and, with an exclamation of relief, he motioned to her to rise to sing the ‘*Exultavit*.’ The young choir exchanged meaning glances, and seemed to intimate to one another that it was her grave and solemn air that won the Capellmeister’s favour; and while they looked kindly at their more erratic companion, they cast critical glances at the odd figure who now suddenly rose from her seat to a surprising height, her large fair head towering above all others. The poor child (you could not have given her more than sixteen years) resembled a boy in her growth, her large shoulders and long arms and flat undeveloped figure seemed to have a struggle with the stretched and clinging dress she wore; and her golden hair, standing out, short and unconfined round her head, completed this first impression. There was a half dreamy half bewildered look in her pale face and eyes, the hues of which were all grey together. As

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she stood up, while the organ sounded the theme of her solo, one would have feared for her any outburst of the severe master's withering displeasure.

But 'Et exultavit spiritus meus.' Ghost of John Sebastian ! What a voice it was that began to tell out thy divine melody there among the children in the echoing church ! It was a strong mezzo-soprano, thrilling, audacious, almost magnetic in its tone ; coming from that unformed perplexed thing, it yet rolled out in perfect firmness and fearlessness, while the singer seemed only penetrated with the expression of her song. It was a voice so full of beauty and pathos that it thrilled the heart of the listener with some vague pity, that so young a soul should know such depths of feeling and passion.

Even the flippant choir were quite subdued while the song went on ; the Capellmeister swayed his head, rapt and unconscious, as he

played the accompaniment; and then, restored to good humour, rapped on his desk to start the whole choir again, and marshal the voices in with the fugue. ‘Omnes, omnes ge-ne-ra-ti-o-nes,’ sang the high trebles. ‘Omnes, omnes,’ came in the altos, they were in full swing—the Capellmeister roared in with his old once famous tenor. ‘Omnes, omnes ge-ne-ra . . .’—when, suddenly, the accompaniment stopped, the voices broke off, strewn on the air at unequal spaces, like runners tilted up in a race by an invisible rope; the organ which had been plunging on at full power, stopped with a high sesquialtra scream; one of the Capellmeister’s candles and more than one taper went out with a sort of flap, and then a spluttering noise, and then the astonished choir beheld their master rise from his seat, and wildly stretch his arms in the air, fighting as it were with some invisible power. ‘What is it?’ they all half

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whispered, half screamed. ‘Something flew at the Capellmeister.’ ‘It’s a bat !’ ‘Ach ! it is a beast !’ whooped out a sensitive soprano, falling fainting into her neighbour’s arms. Everybody tittered ; the high stop, meanwhile, went on screaming as it expired high above all other sounds.

It had only lasted a minute, but the confusion had been complete ; however, the Capellmeister resumed his seat, and regained his composure as quickly as he had lost it : and somehow, in a moment, they all felt extremely foolish, as if they had been the cause of the interruption ; whereas it had only been the sudden stopping of the organ by the master in such an extraordinary fashion that had created the disturbance. But Hasse calmly adjusted his wig, wholly unconscious of having lost it in his excitement for one awful moment ; and if when he gazed around on all the choir in withering silence,

there was still a certain look of vague hopelessness in his eyes, it was only that his finger was once more absently feeling round his empty snuff-box with the instinct of resorting to his usual consolation.

Nobody, however, thought of laughing now, with Hasse's vague eye upon them, for no words at the present time can say how each member of that choir valued his place there and the master's good favour—but when he spoke at last it was more difficult to stifle explosions. He drew in his breath with a sigh, as if he felt that he ought to make a long speech, and did not quite know what it should be about; and commenced, in a depressed tone: 'These holy walls have been desecrated! this noble choir that bears my name has been insulted! this sacred loft has been the scene of a common parish school-room disturbance! the noble work which we are studying has been degraded by a

petty and unworthy interruption . . . the buzzing of a common *insect* has been sufficient to stop the gigantic chorus of our great Master, John Sebastian Bach !'

He paused, and looked up dreamily and puzzled, as if trying to recollect whom he was to scold, but there was perfect silence ; and he felt bound to go on : ' Yes, this our great Master ! there is not, I believe, among you *one* who understands him, except Elisabetha Vaara,' turning to the tall girl who had sung ; she, I believe, alone feels the height and depth, the dreamy breadth and the massive effects that can only be given to the whole by conscientious attention and true feeling in every individual worker.' The choir wished nothing better than that the master should go off on his favourite theme, and forget the offence that had to be discovered, but, unfortunately, he suddenly recollected himself : ' What can become of the work in the hands

of a choir among whom are found those ready to enjoy an unseemly interruption of it? when there are perhaps worse, perpetrators of unseemly freaks? what is the good of trying to bring you all into harmony, when among you there are such aliens? Mystery now envelopes the miserable insect that has been the undoing of an afternoon's work . . . no doubt it will remain uncleared; but of course till it is explained the whole choir is in disgrace: and that our great Master's work may not be desecrated by the presence of the *flippants*, the performance of it must be stopped till they are known, and his Majesty must be apprised . . ' but the looks of dismay on all faces were not allowed to settle, and the Capellmeister had not to threaten further, for a young lad stepped forward, with burning eyes, none other than the violin player who had just before received so much censure

from the master. ‘I only am the cause of all the disturbance that has annoyed you, Meister; I foolishly brought my lantern full of chafers into practice, and . . . somehow . . . they escaped: I did not know what a great disturbance they would cause.’

Hasse looked at him with disgust; now that he fixed on some object for censure, he could look cross and fierce enough; the hapless violinist might well have hoped that the Capellmeister would keep to the subject of Bach’s unfathomableness, and not recollect to utter the threats that made his confusion inevitable. Those about him had seen that after the final rebuke that bade him sit down for the rest of the practice, he had consoled himself with the contents of his lantern, and that during the sacred ‘Exultavit’ he had elaborately arranged a bit of music-paper as a tube to receive five large-sized cockchafers in a row, which he then

carefully aimed at the odious Capellmeister's ear. Any one acquainted with the ways of these curious animals will know how they will lie muzzy and intoxicated till let fly, when, with a terrific hum, they will start in a direct line from the point whence they are propelled, especially if there is an opportunity for a rapturous suicide in a candle-flame on the way—and thus the pupil having relieved himself by a good puff at his well-aimed music-roll, had had the satisfaction of seeing his master's discomfiture, and his bald head for a few minutes, and was now doomed inevitably to full explanation.

‘Ay ! you Josquin Dorioz ! I well believe you, but there are others besides . . . Your neighbours are doubtless guilty.’

‘No, Meister, we can swear to it,’ exclaimed the shrill voice of a chorister, who had sate near the violinist and seen all.

‘No, it is only I who am in fault,’ he

said ; ‘ I can swear to it too. I blew the creatures through a music-roll : it is a trick they play at school.’

The sensitive Hasse was truly staggered. ‘ You, Josquin Dorioz ! nay, this even of you I had refused to believe ! For two years I have borne with you and your vagaries and follies. I took you in kindness to be one of my scholars, and I still hoped to make much of you. True, you have talent and a fine Technik ; and till now I have scarce known why you should disappoint me—now I see that I read you truly then, and that I was right to mistrust you. You have no feeling for the sacredness of art—no reverence. Frenchman ! go and trill your madrigals in Paris, where none will expect more of you, and vex no more the soul of Adolphus Hasse, nor taint his scholars with your bad example ! I give you your demission from among them. Meine Fräulein, I wish you

good evening ; to proceed with our practice to-night is impossible : ' and, picking his steps through the corpses or ghosts of dead chafers, for there had been but five, the Capellmeister disappeared through the doorway.

In a moment all the choir were round their unfortunate and sympathetic companion. ' You little wretch ! ' cried all the young ladies, making quite an onset on the little chorister who had made the whole confession necessary. ' Oh, M. Dorioz, *we* know that you had good provocation.' All were full of expressions of sympathy and offers of help, for each one knew the chance the violinist had lost, and he seemed to be a general favourite. The fainting soprano languished near him, ready to let her substantial form sink at any moment on his shoulder ; but to his rescue came the church beadle, ordering quiet and instant dispersion ; and all began to go off,

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blowing their candles out and shutting up their books as they went, till one taper only remained alight, and one book open, where the fair-haired girl still sat, lost to all around, with the expression of one who is waking from a painful dream. The girls looked back, laughing at her as they went out, and the irrepressible chorister called back, ‘Take him in hand, my dear ; give him some of your cast-off frocks, and teach him the secret of being always in the master’s good books.’

Josquin lifted his head angrily from under the music-desk where he had been getting together the books that he would no longer use there, but the tormentor had disappeared, and he was alone with the fair-haired girl, and he blushed, and for the first time that evening looked ashamed.

‘Lisa, do *you* care ? Well, after this, you must renounce the friendship of an unlucky devil who will never do you credit ; but for

this once, will you walk home with me ? It is verily for the last time.'

'The last time ? dismissed Josquin ? No, it is too bad,' and starting up she said, 'Oh, let us run after him ; let us kneel to the Capellmeister.'

'Kneel to the old bully ? no, Lisa, for what should I do so ? I am heartily sick of his endless hamperings and fidgetings ; I am glad to think I shall never see this ghostly old organ-loft again. Why should I bear all this badgering ? What place at the opera is worth freedom ? I am free now, and I suppose I had better go off and trill my madrigals in Paris,' and he imitated the Capellmeister's pompous intonation.

The girl gazed at him astonished ; the great eyes looked shocked, and yet there was something of admiration there for his audacity and his jokes, of which she looked so incapable herself. As they wound down the

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narrow stairs into the street and threaded their way through the crowd, she looked, spite of the ungraceful garments, with her aureole of fair hair and spiritual face, like some sprite admonishing a beloved boy-mortal. Josquin continued to make fun of this misfortune, she remonstrating, till at last she ceased to answer him, and walked along plunged in gloomy reflections ; thus they reached the bridge that links the Alt Stadt and Neu Stadt in Dresden.

‘Lisa,’ he suddenly exclaimed, ‘you won’t answer me, and I deserve it ! fool ! fool that I am !’ and he stopped and leant his arms against the parapet of the bridge and hid his face, thoroughly wretched and dis-couraged.

‘How am I to answer you, when you talk a language I do not understand ; when it is *ot you* who are speaking, Josquin ?’

‘Ah, there you have spoken right,’ he

said, looking up eagerly ; ‘ you have always read me truly with your great serious eyes, for all that I am such a flippant fool.’

‘ But how could you be so mad, Josquin, as to risk your place in the orchestra ? Did not that music speak to you ? do you not care for it as you used ? ’

‘ Yes, you know I do, more than the Capellmeister thinks. I should like to know if his long sermonings would inspire me with love for it if I had none naturally. As it is, they almost disgust me from my profession. But I can be in earnest about it, Lisa ; I will tell you what I once felt about it. Six years ago I discovered how I loved music. It was after a punishment of three days’ imprisonment. ‘ Ah, qu’on est bien dans la famille ! ’ It was the first time I went out in the sunshine after the dark room. A regiment of soldiers happened to be marching by playing. That thundering march ! I have only to recall

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it to get back the feeling it inspired in me. I never heard a note of music then Lisa, and I thought I should go mad. The music called to honour and death. I longed to obey its summons, and felt that as long as it lasted I could die in rapture. And then when it ceased, I felt that music should be my cause, and that to be a musician would be more glorious even than to be a soldier. You know that I have been one ever since.'

'Yes,' she answered sorrowfully; 'and when I think how enchanted you were at the Capellmeister's nominating you last year, I can't think how you could have behaved so to him. What made you let off those creatures ?'

'Oh, Lord ! don't question a fellow when he feels himself fool enough already. Hasse was so provoking, and those chafers came so handy ; it was a trick we used to play in my

old day-school in Vienna . . . well, I suppose I must go back there like a prodigal to the bosom of my family.' He looked gloomily out across the water, and then exclaimed, 'No! I will be pushed to the last extremity before I do that; but anyhow, Lisa, look you, we must say good-bye . . . '

'No, no, we must not give up at once; you have so little patience. There is but one way, you must regain Hasse's favour.'

'My wise admonisher, you do not fathom our great teacher's character; he hates me, and he is the most prejudiced and obstinate of men.'

But she only looked before her with her anxious face, longing to find some plan for helping him.

'I *have* heard,' she said, after a pause, 'that the Frau Capellmeisterin is as good as an angel. Once, when Nodin took me into the little room behind the stage, I heard her sing,

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and from my place I remember how I imitated all her gestures and wept, and was quite carried away; and when the curtain dropped, all the people shouted, “Faustina Bordoni, Faustina Hasse!” and the actors and chorus took her up and carried her triumphantly off the stage, and seemed to love her. Nodin says that she is good still, though she is old, and loves all young artists. If we could get at her, Josquin !’

They were leaning on the bridge, watching the dark Elbe rushing beneath. Fairy lights were reflected in it ; the people sauntered to and fro, for the sky was soft, and a pleasant smell of limes came from the Brühl terrace and gardens. The palace that has kept the name of the minister was not yet the property of the public, for the old scoundrel of the ‘three hundred and sixty-four pairs of breeches,’ of whom Carlyle talks, had not yet vanished into nether darkness ; but was at

the height of his power under the Elector, Augustus II., also King of Poland.

That brilliant little Polish court made the town more fashionable than it is at this day, but outwardly it presented much the same aspect, as we learn from Canaletti's bright pictures ; and there over the water were even then, reigning in their calm shrines, the two queen Madonnas, loved by court and people, artists and princes, the benign Holbein and shining San Sisto, gazing serenely, as at this day, on their worshippers.

The young man and the girl stood there long, seeking a plan to conciliate those powers that ruled their fate. ‘What do you say,’ said he at last, ‘to serenading the Frau Capellmeisterin some night when there is a moon ? Just think, Lisa, it could do no harm, and we might appear interesting. Suppose I compose a trio for soprano and violin with bass, relating this woful tale. Nodin

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shall help, and I will take my violin ; we will sing it under Frau Hasse's windows some night soon. I have it all before me—the cockchafers buzzing and your voice pleading ; it shall be in F sharp minor at the very least !'

The girl was rather for going straight to the Capellmeister, and as they discussed they still walked together. They had left the life and light of the town after crossing the bridge, and they walked by the deserted river-side for some minutes before they turned up a broad dim street ending in a *cul de sac*. Here the grass was growing between the rough paving-stones ; the light fell yellow from the lantern which hung in the centre from either side ; the stillness was only broken by the creak of the rope as it swung in the light evening wind, and yet, as they turned through the little door at the end of the street, cheerful sounds greeted them. There was

a paved court-yard, enclosing a tangled little wilderness of shrubbery that made you long for lilac time ; in the centre a pump was presided over by a noseless and decaying Naiad, whose elegant shell fountain was now dry, and who turned her head gracefully away from the domestic implement that replaced it. Round this court and garden a great handsome brick house formed a sort of quadrangle ; from its windows came forth light, a sprightly gymnastic tune from first floor's harpsichord, a strong suggestion of ground floor's savoury supper.

And it is here that Josquin Dorioz and Elisabetha Vaara are at home, in what had been once a priory, and had then become a collegiate school, and was now only let out in apartments, chiefly to persons of the artist profession, who must have astonished its uncanonical demure old walls. His is the trim window nearly up in the roof, with the

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flower-box and the bird-cage ; hers is opposite, morally, a step higher in the world, between the struggling artist Anchio's studio and the first floor of the successful player of the harpsichord. Thus with two windows opening on each other across a green garden,

Window plants to be watered, weak points in the flower-fence facing,

with a scarcity of friends and an abundance of ideas, with one music-master and a beloved art in common—the friendship of this boy and girl requires not much further explaining, as here they bid each other good night on Elisabetha's staircase.

The violinist has only to put down his instrument in his trim little room, give himself a brush, and then go out to get his comfortable supper with friends of his profession, that is, if he is not too much depressed

to-night to follow his usual habits. But Elisabetha has domestic duties awaiting her. She was still pondering on his calamity, and turning back at the foot of the stair to say, ‘ You *can* but do your best, Josquin, to get an interview with the Capellmeister,’ forgetful of everything else, when a strong, musical baritone voice cheerfully called down the stairs—

‘ Sapperment, what has kept you so long, Lisa ? I was just going without you to the theatre, and I bet that you have forgotten to bring the sausage from Schweingau for supper ? ’

The whole history of Lisa’s anxious, bewildered expression was in her reply, as she called back hopelessly, and still half absently—

‘ Yes, dear Nodin, I have forgotten it ; and there’s not a thing to eat in the house, and the shops are all shut.’

‘ Ah, dreamy daughter of the clouds, what

a fool was I to trust you !' cheerfully called back the rich, pleasing voice ; but one following the girl up the stairs would have been surprised by the aspect of the man from whom it came, as he stood on the landing to receive her. His immense shaven chin and huge protuberance of waist, his suffering face and bedimmed eyes, bore an ugly testimony to the old age which contrasted with his strong, manly voice.

' Bless my soul, Lisa, what can you have been doing at the Hof-kirche ?' he said, as she reached his landing and entered an apartment opening from it. ' As for supper, it is only lucky that I had not to be at the theatre at the usual hour, for I should have come back to find none ; but I am only on at nine. I must be off, and can sup at the Seven Devils on my way back. But let me look at you, Lisa, my little goddess ; you look a perfect scarecrow ; how have you

fagged yourself so ? Don't come with me to-night, but try and get yourself some supper,' and he pulled out a handful of groschen from his pocket : ' There, cater for yourself, and stop at home.

' No, Nodin, I will come with you ; I can borrow some Wurst for to-night's supper, and *do* eat it at home ; ' then suddenly coming out with what still occupied her, ' Oh ! Nodin ! Josquin has been dismissed by the Capellmeister.'

' Here, where are those pumps that were sent home mended to-day ? I am late already,' was the answer from the inner room. ' Josquin dismissed ! a thousand devils ! Now, Lisa, I can't find my snuff-box ; you can tell me about the other presently '

The chaotic horrors of the room, where the stout bass was getting together his things before going to the opera, could be imagined

from the confusion that reigned in the sitting-room from which it opened. The harpsichord, with masses of music stowed away under it, gave, however, a look of civilisation to the room. There was a great owl blinking in the window, and near the green-tiled stove a shaven poodle lay, his fat pink sides panting in his slumber. A little crucifix, of curious ugliness, hung in one corner, and there was a guitar decorated with faded ribbons on a chair with a heap of Nodin's huge hose, out of which the darning needle was sticking. Elisabetha did not look out of harmony with this somewhat lugubrious interior, as she dropped down on a low stool and began absently to feed the dog with large morsels of the bread and milk, which she had got for her own refreshment, while waiting for the old man. But in spite of the dreaminess that seemed to carry her up into some other world, to which

she half belonged, there was always a conscientious look in this girl's face, something of anxious responsibility. Whether she sang in the church, or admonished her boy-friend, or as now, waited for Nodin, there was the same zeal and seriousness in her manner, as if she fulfilled a trust. And that the reader may know the history of her odd relationship with the old man, and of Josquin's intimacy with the pair, we must go back a few years, while she accompanies Nodin, eager not to let him go alone to the theatre.

## CHAPTER II.

## MELANCOLIA.

IT was at the door of that theatre three years before, that Josquin had first met Elisabetha and Nodin, when he had arrived there a tired wanderer, to whose imagination, for two months past, it had been a paradise and haven of rest.

Josquin was then a runaway, not from the parental roof, but from a big family mansion in Vienna, which to him was ever after the type of all dull, deadly, impossible existence, the abode of his father's family. The name of Dorioz was only adopted by him when he began his musical career; it had been his

mother's ; she had been an artist, a French-woman, Nanine her name. And with this name of his mother, Hasse associated him when he called him a frivolous Frenchman ; and it gives him his first claim on our notice, for he was the son of a poet-mother, and therefore marked with favour by the heavenly powers.

It was but a dim memory that the boy kept of the sensitive, passionate Nanine, but sometimes an image came before him, pale and faded like an old fresco, a suffering face with tender brown eyes, a dress of saffron and a chaplet between her fingers. And sometimes the same image of a pale woman, with the eyes lighted up while she played on a violin.

Josquin's father, Alexander von Gasparein, had been fashionable and dilettante ; he had fallen in love with Nanine in Paris, and though he had incurred the displeasure of

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his family, by honestly making her his wife, he devoted himself, after her early death, to training the little boy she left him to be as like his mother as possible ; and it was not difficult, for he had inherited from her a spark of genius. And yet the father had not intended his son to be an artist ; he had thought to lead him just to the point he wished, not considering that it is a very narrow line that separates dilettantism from art as a profession, and that the keen young soul with growing wings will not always remain on the desirable confines. But he did not see the result of his early education, and Josquin being left an orphan, the Gasparein family, who had ignored him for nine years, relented and summoned him from Paris to the Vienna mansion.

Thither he was conducted by his nurse Silvie, and to her skirts he clung, a small creature, all eyes, while inspected by

the big baron his uncle, and by his three aunts : Agathe, the high-born widow, Brigitta, bland and worldly, and Crescentia, forty and furtively playful over her tambour frame. These ladies had each a scheme of her own for the little boy's moral improvement ; but he was unconscious both of schemes and moral defects, and settled down at first delighted with the novelty, and perhaps in the years that followed might have lost the spirit with which he came imbued—the spirit inspired by that dangerous brown instrument of his mother—had it not been fostered in him by the loyal Silvie.

Now Silvie was at once distressed by his first contentment. She instinctively knew that her boy's education was about to be changed, while she felt it her duty to keep up all the traditions of the old home. She adopted a slightly injured air, and watched her oppor-

tunities for bringing Josquin back to his old habits.

One day everything seemed to go wrong with the child, a sort of reaction after the delight in all the novelty ; his tempers ended in a violent passion, after which he sobbed in her arms. ‘Ay, nasty ugly temper,’ Silvie said by way of soothing him ; ‘the devil has been here all day, he was waiting when the naughty boy got out of bed to tempt him. He is very busy in Vienna, I think. Don’t you remember how you used to send him away in Paris ? Why, look here,’ she said going to her bed, and pulling out a violin case ; ‘here is little Séraphine, who has been lying there ever since we came ; the wicked Satan has not heard a tune since we came here, it’s no wonder he has been so busy. Come, my cherub, make me some music, tune up poor Séraphine, play me at least the “Trois

Princesses ;” and she began to sing through her nose :

“Y avait trois princess—es,  
Vole, vole, mon cœur, vol—e.”’

‘Séraphine’ was the name she gave to Josquin’s own little fiddle ; there was another, Nanine’s own violin, she had christened ‘pauvre Maman ;’ this one was carefully stowed away in her box. ‘It always lived in my master’s bedroom,’ said Silvie ; ‘I do not care to let it get into the hands of those who do not even ask what has become of it ;’ both had been forgotten by Josquin in the novelty of everything else.

‘Yes,’ he now said miserably, ‘he would try to play the “Trois Princesses.”’ It was an air with little variations : they all came back to him—he began, still convulsed with sobs, but soon forgot everything else but the music.

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The unwonted sounds were heard by the three ladies in the drawing-room, sitting at their work. Agathe only looked at Brigitta once, Crescentia started nervously ; they had not an idea that their nephew could play on his mother's instrument, which to them was the symbol of all vice. Brigitta rose like a woman of action, and, followed by the other two aunts, fluttered into the room, where Silvie, with arms in contemplative akimbo, stood before her little player, his eyes sparkling, his little foot tapping ; there were stains of tears still on his cheeks, and every now and then a sort of sobbing sigh came like a heaving of the storm that had just before been convulsing him.

'Really that Alexander was too infatuated and shameless . . .' Agathe began ; but the little boy called out, quite excited by his own music, 'Don't you like it, Aunt ? it's about three princesses, and there is only one who

is good and pretty, and that is my Aunt Crescentia ;' and he nodded and played away the variation to the refrain, while his nurse, who did not understand what he had said in broken German, and thought the ladies could not but be admiring, exclaimed ecstatically : ' Joue toujours ! est-ce gentil, est-ce mignon, ce pauvre chou ! '

But her raptures were soon interrupted, for Brigitta went up with decision to the little boy, and saying, ' You have played quite enough, my dear ; when you are sorry for your impertinence you shall have a nice game of dominoes in the parlour,' seized the violin firmly, and, regardless of convulsive clutch and outburst of passion from the boy, marched out of the room with it, leaving Agathe to rebuke the nurse.

After this began Silvie's troubles and the boy's too. Everything was to be done to fit Josquin for healthy conventional life. He

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was started in classics by a pedagogue; a fencing master was added to the dancing master; the musical name of Josquin was dropped. ‘Josquin? Harlequin!’ had exclaimed Agathe on first hearing it, for it had no associations in her mind with the old Chaucer of harmony—Josquin Després; ‘it sounds like a mountebank; and doubtless the child has the blood of some tight-rope dancer in his veins.’ Soon, too, Silvie’s care was to be replaced by a valet’s, and this was a terrible blow; the poor woman, however, could not make up her mind to return to Paris, but remained to set up as a laundress in the town, where her Parisian accomplishments got her a thriving business.

‘They are all wicked, Silvie,’ her beloved boy said to her as she attended him at his going to bed for the last time.

‘No; mustn’t say that,’ she said.

‘But you are going, and they have taken

away "Séraphine," and Aunt Agathe said I wasn't to play any more.'

'Well, but haven't they left you "pauvre maman"? And when she took up her abode a little way from Josquin, she carried his mother's violin with her.

Silvie would shrug her shoulders, talking of her boy. 'He has got his mamma's eyes; you cannot drive nature out with a pitchfork;' she would say. Nature with Josquin was freedom, music, *tapage*; the pitchfork was gentility, classics, dulness. In the next few years it was less his musical taste that asserted itself than his humorous frolicsome spirit. He was nine when he first came to Vienna; for the next six years imagine the child's unnatural life. The deadly lessons, the walk and drive in full afternoon costume, the game of dominoes as sole recreation in the great fusty red saloon where his aunts constantly sat receiving visitors. Our little fellow was

hardly conscious of his wants, but yet grew to lose his bright vivid looks and innocent cravings for jokes, and he might have pined away if it had not been for one happy event.

This was his occasional visit to Silvie : it took place much oftener than his aunts knew. But here the servants came to the rescue ; for through his visits to the nurse they were enabled to receive rare treats in the good woman's laundry. From the first she had produced the mother's violin and encouraged him to play on it ; the laundry was perfectly safe for sound, and here she could store up the new music that she would buy for him, and while busy over her washing stir him on to improve. Then she would invite one or two favoured servants over to listen, or a few neighbours, and treating them all to her French pancakes, enjoin them to keep silence as to their privileges. Josquin's audience would sometimes form quite a ring,

and the ladies' little negro page, who had a sympathetic attachment for Josquin, would listen fervently, with tears of delight running down his swarthy cheeks as he played.

Thus he had one outlet to his feelings, and did not forget what music he had learnt from his father during those years in Vienna; and thus his first public in the washerwoman's cottage had been the people. They would call for simple tunes, and he would play all that he picked up in the streets, working out melodies in his fanciful way, and sometimes airs of his own little creation, which Silvie was proud to detect, coming out of the back laundry with soap-sudsed arms.

But the dull days went on between-whiles in the Kärnthner Strasse in Vienna. Six years passed, and Josquin was nearly fifteen; in appearance, a remarkable little being:

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there was vitality expressed in every part of him, in the frizzy curliness of his hair, alas! now hidden in the obnoxious perruque, in the movements of his hands, which had been from his cradle the admiration of his nurse; when amused, his eyes would suddenly scintillate, and his little, thin, sallow face break all over into brightness. And the demon of music was not come out of him, the child was wild with the love of it, and in church, almost the only place where he could hear it performed, when the organ pealed out, his heart would beat, and he would sing so fervently, that Aunt Brigitta was quite pleased with his devotion. There was another thing he liked—that was dancing, but in this art he had a cousin who far excelled him.

Josquin would feel keenly that cousin Charles was preferred by the partners with whom he successively fell in love. *His* one

accomplishment he had to conceal ; and it seemed so hard that his candle must be always under a bushel. There was one little blue-eyed girl in particular, whose favour Charles had won, whilst himself, poor Josquin knew she considered ‘peculiar ;’ before her he desperately longed to display his secret power. She was coming to spend the day ; could he not then beam on her with a splendid revelation of his talent ? Charles, who was already in his secret, he could trust not to betray him, even though his music charmed the young lady. With all these representations, he went to Silvie and begged so hard, that with great reluctance she let him have the violin. For five years she had kept it, poor soul, and given her darling musician opportunity to play on it, now all was to be spoilt by his vanity. He concealed himself and his fiddle in the play-room till the hour came when the little lady

would come upstairs with Charles. They found Josquin playing a brilliant fantasia.

'Oh, you nice boy!' she said, 'can you play? you can then make music for Charles and me to dance.'

'To be sure, Josquin,' said his cousin; 'play us a pretty gavotte.'

'Play for you to dance?' exclaimed Josquin, furious; 'do you think this is a common fiddle? listen, if you please, to this tone! my violin was made at Cremona by Stradivarius expressly for my mamma!' and he began to execute his most pathetic piece. The little girl listened for a while, and then said, 'It is very beautiful, but I would rather dance, if you please.' Here Charles burst out laughing. Josquin could bear it no longer: he dealt Charles such a box on the ear with the unfortunate Stradivarius, that the little Cécile sent up a piteous cry. Down went a servant to Aunt Agathe. 'Madam, here's

Master Alexander (they now called Josquin by that name in the family) been breaking Master Charles's head with a fiddle!' 'Fiddle! what fiddle?' said the three ladies all at once. When they came upstairs a fight was raging, the violin lying on the floor. All came out—the practisings and audiences in the laundry, and Josquin got three days' imprisonment, with three sorrowful subjects for reflection: Silvie departed, sent back for good to Paris; the violin captured; Cécile scornful and perfectly callous.

We have heard Josquin tell on the bridge of Dresden, four years after, how it had been after captivity, coming out into sunshine, and under the influence of martial strains of music, that he made up his mind to be free at all costs, and seek a roving life. Perhaps he did not at once realise that Music was

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indeed his calling—but still his beloved violin was to him the symbol of all joy and freedom, and he knew that if he left his people, fiddling and daily bread would be the same thing. Josquin did not reflect that bondage now meant more liberty hereafter if he remained a gentleman : he was fifteen, and five years meant a third of his life ! How could he wait so long ? And it was glorious June weather, June the vagabond, the rollicking, that fills all sons of liberty and sunshine like Josquin with the spirit of wandering and a happy restlessness, and all one golden June day he formed his plans for running away.

When it was discovered that he was gone, the Von Gaspareins received the news with mixed feelings.

‘ Of course the boy has enlisted,’ said Brigitta, shattered by the thought of the scandal in her circle.

‘ Clandestine habits ! military notions ! oh,

Baron, what may not Charles have learnt from his cousin !' said the injured widow-mother.

'Enlisted, pooh !' said the Baron ; 'the boy has got hold of the violin ; the western roads must be searched at once, he is gone after his nurse.'

But when the ladies heard that he had started with the violin, they almost hailed the suggestion cheerfully (made by Crescentia) that the ponds should be dragged, as if it were highly hopeful that he should be found in one of them with the odious instrument hung round his neck.

But, meanwhile, the golden sunrises and sunsets counted the first days of Josquin's pilgrimage northwards ; he had not known the road to Paris, he had started with but one instinct—to get as far from Vienna as possible. The first walk under the stars, violin case in hand (it had been secreted in the Baron's study, and he had stolen it the night of his

flight. Stolen it ! was it not his own possession ? his one treasure in life ?) was thrillingly exciting, and the next morning his breakfast at a farmstead was the first experience Josquin had of the pleasant land out into which he came with wild ideas of making his fortune.

But that musical Germany of his time was indeed a favourable place for a romantic musician. In every village there were dancers for whoever would fiddle to them ; in every farm-house and homestead the musician was welcomed, to lead perhaps a family quartett, or wile away the evening by playing solo to the assembled household ; in every large church, in every town, was the old organist, brimful of learning, lording it on his organ-throne over parson and people. Everywhere music teemed with the glorious sons she brought forth, a race of giants, to be the fathers of all musicians to come, and everywhere honour was done to her in how-

ever dry and primitive a fashion ; for is there not a quaint mixture of pedantry and trifling—old age and childhood—in the music of that period ?

And so across this musical Germany Josquin had travelled, with the usual experiences and adventures of runaways, always hearing of the wonders of Dresden and its great lyric opera, and dreaming—who knows—that he carried the stick of the conductor in his carpet-bag. But when he arrived at the door of the theatre one summer's evening, he had not even money to enter with, and he took up his stand at the gate of his heaven, to watch the happy go in to feast on the heavenly strains, while he himself remained penniless and shut out.

Josquin had stood there on two successive evenings, watching the world of fashion coming across the sunlit market-place in their painted chairs and coaches, but on the third,

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being assailed with pangs of hunger of a more positive kind even than music-hunger, he had gone round to the other side where the bread-winners went in together.

These were the singers and players, strange Italian gentlemen, and groups of men and women with a family likeness about the elbows and knees, smoking and gossiping together. Josquin wondered whether they were not ready to burst with joy, if they were indeed the chorus, as he was told, at the idea of presently appearing on the stage. There was one business-like contralto giving nourishment to her babe up to the last moment before going in, when she would hand it to a smiling grandmother at her side ; then there was a sort of hush, and a large lady with *éploré* eyes, wrapped in a pile of shawls, alighted out of her chair with the assistance of a solicitous maid and an old gentleman with a grave and concentrated

air. ‘Ah the Tesi!’ was whispered, ‘the Tesi is arriving.’ How often afterwards Josquin thought of this, his first introduction to the green room door, and how he had wondered whether such a prima donna might ever have something to say to him, or whether he should have to remain contented to belong to the small crew of the orchestra fiddlers who made way for her! Our hero was thus musing with empty stomach, as he leant against a post, his violin listlessly hanging by his side, when his attention was drawn to two figures coming across the Platz towards the theatre, an old man, enormously fat, led by the hand of a tall girl. They were Nodin, and Elisabetha Vaara, walking as usual to the theatre. What struck Josquin most, as he observed the oddly-matched couple for the first time, was the grave and perfectly abstracted air with which the girl walked by the side of her undignified companion, for on

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that occasion Nodin had had some difficulty in walking straight. Elisabetha's long steps were unfaltering, her scanty colourless clothing and spreading fair hair gave her a wild, uncared-for look. It was altogether a sorrowful apparition, and Josquin's interest was awakened. The slightly intoxicated state of the old man seemed to be taken as a matter of course by the group of people near the door, for they all greeted him familiarly as he stopped to chat ; and Josquin, enquiring of one who stood near, was told that this was the basso profondo of the opera. 'Generally takes comic parts, and is then all very well ; a perfect fool in the drama, for all they think so much of his low E — taking that part to-night in Sesostris — pah! it's an indignity . . .' and the informant forgot Josquin, and continued to mutter deprecatingly, so that the boy understood that this also was a disappointed bass.

But he tried to hear what old Nodin was saying.

‘Yes, I bring her, of course ; I wouldn’t have her miss the Tesi to-night for the world.’

‘Ah, the little maiden pays for her lesson by rendering you good services, Nodin. Since when have you been incapable to-day, old fellow ?’

Then they passed on, and as they did so, Josquin met the girl’s eyes ; his aspect seemed to touch her, for she looked back at him once with a glance of compassion. Then everybody began to enter or to drop away, and very soon the boy was left alone, with night coming down and nothing more to look at outside, and within to his imagination seraphim and cherubim, and harpers harping with their harps in divine concord, while he remained shut out.

He was very tired, and he still had to

consider how he should earn enough for his night's lodging ; but as he leaned against his post fatigue overcame him, and he slipped down fast asleep. It must have been nearly two hours after, that he awoke ; it was quite night, and there at the door was the young girl, he had noticed ; she was looking up at the stars, drawing in long breaths of fresh air : suddenly she caught sight of Josquin sitting up staring at her, and she turned shyly to go in, but in another minute she came back. She hesitated, and then said in a childish voice, ' What are you waiting for ? '

' For nothing,' said Josquin. ' I did not intend to wait, but I think I fell asleep ; I have nothing to take me anywhere else.'

' But can't you come in ? ah, I suppose the porter would not let you pass, and you have no money.'

She looked full into his eyes like a little girl ; she seemed to entirely sympathise, but

not to pity, it was so natural to have no money, and to be lying out there.

‘What is going on now?’ Josquin asked wearily.

‘Oh! the *Tesi* is not on, or I should not have come away. I came to wait for M. Nodin, who will soon be here to drink his lemonade.’

And he saw that the girl had left the jug she carried with the porter at the door, and had now come to fetch it; and he guessed that the old man she had accompanied was in need of some cooling draught in the course of his performance, to counteract the effects of what he had taken in the earlier part of the day. This was the secret of Elisabetha’s eagerness not to let her guardian go alone to the theatre. Before she had watched over him he had had the greatest difficulty in keeping his place at the opera; but, thanks to her care, he was now not

tempted to drink during the opera-time, and never went on the stage tipsy.

The stout figure now came out in the doorway, in a toga and sandals ; he was panting, and without saying a word the girl poured out a tumblerful of his innocent draught, and waited till he had swallowed it. Then she pulled his hand : ‘Nodin, this young lad with his violin says he has never heard an opera in his life ; he has no money ; mayn’t I just bring him in to hear the next act from here ?’

‘No, no ; we’ve enough of children trailing in and out, and sticking in the way. Keep to your fiddle, my lad,’ he said to Josquin, ‘and you will soon have money enough to come in to the opera the other way.’

‘Let him go instead of me,’ urged the girl. ‘Take him in, Nodin.’

‘What ? and miss the great act of the *Tesi* ? No, I won’t have you lose that lesson.

Well, well, I suppose, since you are bent on it, I can allow you to bring the lad in. I will say a word to the door-keeper; but let me then get out of the way. I don't like to be seen with a pack of children at my heels.'

Never after did Josquin forget that hour, when, awe-struck, he followed his little benefactress into the back scenes of the opera. As they went through the dark passages, she looked neither to the right nor the left. Here and there a group of singers were waiting, and some grinned as she passed. But in a business-like way, and perfectly at home, she led the way to a dark corner, where she suddenly squatted down, motioning to him to do the same, and from this place they could see the stage. She made not an attempt at conversation, and Josquin was staring about so busily that he scarcely noticed her silence, and forgot her presence for a while. There was a general smell of

lampiness, oil, wicks, flarings, burnt glass ; a strong draught poured in on them, and it was very dark, for the curtain hung in front of the stage. It was altogether a somewhat depressing paradise, but a thrilling hum of voices came through the black curtain, and an exciting tuning of violins. Then Josquin began to try and make out the scene that was being got into place ; it all looked dark and lugubrious, with huge triangular patches of white in the background.

‘What are those funny things painted there?’ he said to his companion.

‘Oh, those are the pyramids of Egypt ; the opera is Sesostris, composed by our Ober-Capellmeister.’

‘Pray, who is Sesostris, and who the Ober-Capellmeister?’ asked Josquin.

‘Oh, Sesostris was a great conquering prince of Egypt, and our Capellmeister of course is Hasse.’

'Dear me, I wonder how Egyptian conquerors sang, and what your Hasse knows about them,' he could not refrain from saying.

At this moment, in a half-classical, half-Eastern costume, with elegant pink feet carefully sandalled, the warbling conqueror perambulated the stage, evidently in no calm state of mind. 'That infernal draught!' he muttered, sucking a lozenge; 'it has done for my high *la*, curse that note . . .' and suddenly crossing himself he ran up his scale. '*Re, mi, fa, sol, la*, my voice is gone! andata giù! . . . giù! . . . giù! I shall never survive that passage,' and again he crossed himself, hastily repeating an 'Ave,' and, once more, ran up the scale. 'Come, that's better.' And as another man joined him, to condole on the huskiness of his second act, the Italian tenor repudiated the idea of dreading the third.

But the stage was cleared, and suddenly

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the curtain drew up, and the wondrous act commenced. Josquin listened with open mouth; the divine Tesi came forward, and he forgot the pyramids and the swearing tenor, and complete illusion came to hold him spell-bound while the music went on. And there was the wonderful sea of faces on the other side of the stage and the delicious orchestra, and the Capellmeister to watch, winking at the actors from his desk, placed under the stage-box. Josquin longed to kiss the hem of the Tesi's garment as she passed out flushed and palpitating. Then he looked at his companion. What picture that he had met with in his wanderings was it that came to the boy's mind as he gazed at the wonderful girl? The curtain had once more fallen, and her still face stood out white from the dark background of lumber and ladder that surrounded them, her elbow rested on her knee, her

cheek on her small hand, and her hair fell loose on her bare shoulders, while her eyes looked sorrowfully before her.

So she sat motionless, and while he tried to find what she reminded him of, Josquin was half wondering whether there might not be *wings* hidden in the shadow behind the strange girl, who from her powerful limbs might have been a boy—certainly was half a sprite. He went on staring at her dreamily, and then the last act began, and once more Josquin was enraptured. But when the conquering procession began, he saw it all very hazily, for he was thoroughly tired and hungry, and suddenly, as the finale was being sung, he fell heavily against the wall next his companion in a dead faint.

When he recovered he was once more outside the theatre, and the fat bass and the girl were bending over him ; he got up in a

few minutes, and, thanking them, asked for his violin.

‘No, no,’ said old Nodin ; ‘you shan’t carry it, my boy ; I have got it here, and you shall come home with us, and put something better than water into your stomach.’

And they took the poor wanderer that very night for the first time to the Klosterhaus, where this time the bewildered Elisabetha had got the supper beforehand. The contrast between Josquin’s poverty and his manners struck Nodin, who had seen not a little of the world ; but only enquiring his name, that he might put it at the end of his every sentence, he refrained from the questions which he longed to put, till the poor boy had tasted food. All the time he ate he entertained the guest with an encouraging discourse on the flourishing state of music in Dresden, the splendour of the opera, the comfort and beauty of the

house he occupied ; for Nodin's intemperate habits only fed the amiable illusion in his brain, that made him envelope all about him in a sort of splendour, and allowed him to look on himself and the world around him as gods in Elysium. He was perfectly happy when tipsy up to a certain point, and this limit seemed to be quietly allowed by the girl. All this Josquin had understood afterwards, then he only wondered as he looked on and listened. Elisabetha, having finished her own supper, had produced a heap of woollen socks which she began to mend, and appeared perfectly abstracted while Nodin burst forth about her. ‘Yes, do you see, M. Dorioz, this Signora Tesi that you heard to-night, it will not be long before her fame is completely eclipsed by that girl you see there. A treasure, M. Dorioz, that I predict to you will one day be recognised by the world, have I got there. The Tesi had

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a wonderful organ, but she is much too stupid to be an actress ; the Bordoni was great if you only want the piquant and graceful — in these my Lisa will not surpass her—I have given up expecting comedy from her ; but in the great, the quite noble style,' Nodin said, expanding into an immense beaming smile, 'there will be none to equal her. Ah ! and the Ober-Capell-meister knows it too. I picked her up singing in the streets five years ago, I took her home with the woman who said she was her mother, but in the morning the mother had disappeared, and the girl was left with me. I have kept her ever since. You see, M. Dorioz, she just suits me. It is true she frightens away my pupils by her odd ways, and there is hardly any crockery left since she has had the care of it, but then it is a comfort to be allowed to go one's own way, and she understands my ways. If she does

dream over her household work, is it any wonder when she has such a future before her? you can't expect the *pot-au-feu* (this Nodin pronounced *bot-au-veu*) to raise the drama; and I assure you, M. Dorioz, that this is what my pupil will do some day; if you could hear her talk about her art, her thoughts are so elevated!'

Elisabetha sat on darning, taking this wonderful description of herself as much as a matter of course as all other of Nodin's gilded descriptions. 'So you see, M. Dorioz, that she made a forlorn beginning enough, and is now, through my influence, started on a certain career. This is the Florence of the North,' he said, thumping the table with his fist. 'Art flourishes here more than anywhere else; the Capellmeister has just taken her into his choir, and that is the certain road to fame. Have you genius, M. Dorioz?'

'No,' said Josquin simply, 'but I have a very good violin.'

So he was made to play to them ; and as he stood up in the shadowy, odd-looking, monastic room for the first time, while Nodin puffed at his pipe, and Elisabetha listened dreamily to his violin, a strange *bien aise* took possession of the boy, and a sympathy with the quaint pair who seemed to understand his isolation so readily. His brain was full of fancies which he longed to express to them on his violin ; it made a little fantasia, some time afterwards Josquin wrote it down, and put the title *Melancolia* to it, still haunted by Dürer's parable which the attitude of Lisa that evening had recalled to his imagination.

And thus the fate of the little French violin player had kissed that of the young northern singer, and they were not to be severed in life. It was not long before

Josquin's people had traced him to the Kloster-haus, where Nodin helped him to get a room; but they found their nephew so settled and determined in his beloved profession (he had immediately got engaged as assistant to an organist in the town), that they found it a troublesome task to remove him. Perhaps the words of Silvie returned with force to the Baron; perhaps he began to reflect that a penniless nephew, who might make a good musician and nothing else, had best be ignored; but he became less active in pursuing him, and at last entered into an agreement with Nodin to see that he was kept on by the organist on the payment of a small premium. Nodin's gravity and excitement over the situation were immense. He was touched by the way the boy clung to him, and amused by his scorn of all his worldly prospects. He could not discourage the boy's Bohemian

sympathies, but he tried to make him look after his own interest by preserving one of the Baron's letters, which might prove useful in his after-life. In it the Baron signified that the only hope of his nephew's regaining his favour would be a complete change of mind. Josquin did not think twice about it, but allowed Nodin to take the letter into safe keeping.

Thus he had entered on the four happiest years he had ever known, under the care of the simple old music-loving organist of Dresden, and with his sympathising friends. Here he was properly appreciated, as well as wholesomely neglected, which he had never been before; taught first lessons of the necessity of work, fed on goodly canons and counterpoint pure, nursed by lofty fugues, watched over by the Gothic saints of an old church, where he sang daily in the

choir: above all he made strides in violin playing. When Hasse had taken him into the royal band, fortune had smiled on him: but soon all seemed about to be lost by a bit of boyish folly.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE CAPELLMEISTERIN.

INDEED I am almost ashamed of my hero, when we return from the pictures of his boyhood, and whatever beauty appears in them, to find him again in so commonplace a disgrace. But his impatience of all restraint is not insignificant of the poet-nature that shines out, now brightly and then dimly, through the impulses of his boyhood; the poet-nature that might have been productive of no poet-power, but for the teaching which life alone could bring him. Through the school of

‘Lust und Entsetzen und grimmige Pein’

we must see the years lead him before he attain the power at last. And the first change came to his calm Kloster-haus life with that boyish freak of which we must hasten on to see the issues.

One morning shortly after its occurrence, Faustina Hasse, the Frau Capellmeisterin, was receiving her usual Sunday evening guests in her old house in the Ostra Allée; modest, even dingy, but classical ground. The *Caro Sassone*, *Faustina Bordoni*, those to whom these names are familiar will associate with them pictures of Venice, and youth and water-music, masks, and golden days of triumph, when electors, princes, and their courts bowed down before the popular young composer and his nightingale bride. Such a picture, indeed, presents their youth and middle age, but a very different one their present life on the modest second floor of the old house, though not without its

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charm. Old age had changed Hasse far more than his wife ; he had always been indolent, but he had once had a straight back and handsome features ; he had never been very practical, but he now only left his dreaminess to become unbearably irritable ; all his life he had been a sort of musical instrument through which seemed to breathe a spirit that in no way touched the *man*, and music still appeared to possess him ; sometimes it had an almost mesmeric effect on him, seeming to deprive him of all other power and completely weakening his will, and he was never so dignified as under these crises ; but the inspiration would pass, and then his bills would come in and his grievances, and Faustina would dazzle him, and he would become the lazy and irritable old Hasse of ordinary life, far too lazy to remain fashionable.

But still life to him had not lost its

charm, though the proverbial gratitude of princes in his case was somewhat being fulfilled ; he had his rows of snuff-boxes, the souvenirs of all the courts of Europe, he cherished his grievances, and, spite of his firm belief that in the hands of innovators Art was going to the dogs, there remained to him immense pride and pleasure in his office. To Faustina's bright fantastic imagination everything yielded charm ; she was perhaps a little weary of the show of life, but her heart was the softer for this, and her enthusiasm for the beautiful and for friendship glowed warmer than ever. The Capellmeisterin had not given up society, and had her influence still there, and it is in her salon, where fashion condescended to meet Art and letters, that we must find her a few days after Josquin's dismissal. It was one of her evenings of largest reception ; the harpsichord stood in the

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centre of the low room lit by the reposeful light of shaded lamps; on the deep low couches made for listening to music reclined gay groups of people talking and drinking coffee, the curtained recesses offered secluded nooks for more private conversations. One of these recesses, lit by a dim taper, would have awakened your curiosity as a stranger to the house; late in the evening you might have discovered that it contained a large bed, ensconced in which lay the Capellmeister. However fashionable, however distinguished this company, he always made a point of retiring to the bed in the alcove, allowing a few friends to keep him awake with a game of picquet or whist, sitting near the *ruelle* of his bed, while he gave audience like the Grand Monarque. He wished to have the enjoyment of the music at his own house, without the trouble of giving opinions or of remaining awake when he felt other-

wise inclined, and it was not often that anything was seen or heard of the Capellmeister, though sometimes a sonorous bravo or grunt of disapprobation proceeding from the alcove startled those who were not acquainted with the ways of this household.

Faustina was now nearly sixty, and had lost the beauty of feature and symmetry of form so famous to her contemporaries ; but she carried off her humorous originality with a certain grandeur and poetry of expression, which gave you glimpses of her old fascination. She paced her rooms in a gorgeous brown brocade sacque, her hair frizzed up on her little head, which waved and tossed about with the motions of her conversation ; when she sat she would display a tiny foot —that feature for which an old goddess often feels the longest a lingering melancholy affection.

Faustina did not much like another

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clever woman in the room, but she adored beauty. She seated herself every now and then on a low sofa, and made love ardently to a young girl of surpassing loveliness, who sat playing with a long peacock fan. Her long neck rose out of a maze of twisting lace, and knots, and bows, like a rare flower out of hothouse leaves, her long almond eyes gazed languidly out on an admiring world ; with all her gentleness there was a vein of mercilessness betrayed in the little pout of her under lip ; the diamonds round her neck sent up a shower of cold sparkles with every breath that lightly heaved her rounded bosom. Faustina was pulling off her glove to play with the little hand while she addressed a middle-aged man standing near.

‘Ah, Doctor,’ she said, ‘you may laugh at me for becoming sentimental in my old age, but I assure you this is no common intelligence I have come across : I have

seen enough of hopeful germs that have come to nothing, yet I would rather be disappointed twenty times than let one perish for want of encouragement. Believe me, there is promise of a new life blossoming in the young minds of this day; when I listen to this lad, I feel that I would like to live a hundred years to see the new fruit gathered in; for is it not the bitterness of growing old, Doctor, to feel that new beauties will be born, and April and renewal take place, and we sunk in Autumn, and not there to see them?’

She spoke with such vehemence that many of her guests stayed their talk to listen to their hostess; she continued to them more quietly: ‘We are talking of a little fiddler whom I consider a genius; the Capellmeister there won’t hear of him though,’ and she sank her voice to a whisper, and her head waved in the

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direction of the alcove ; ‘the boy has been giving him trouble in the choir, and he won’t admit him to the band. He calls him a Frenchman, and says he has no conscience—a little brown thing, with the fire breathing through every pore of his yellow French skin, what should he know of conscience ?’

‘Where is he to be heard ; why mayn’t we have an opportunity of judging ?’ said the Doctor she had addressed. He was a tall, serene-looking man, with a kind calm smile lurking in his beard, the growth of which denoted him to be a Russian.

‘Well, Ivanhoff, you shall have that opportunity to-night. But I must tell you how I came across him. He came to open rupture the other day with Hasse about some boy’s prank or other, and lost his place in the choir, his only hope of a livelihood. By way of conciliating my husband, he comes and wakes me up out of my first sleep, with a serenade trio which he writes on purpose,

relating his pitiful condition. Of course I was furious, for it must be allowed I have had my full share of these things: but the boy's composition was truly not in the common way, and such a girl's voice he had got to sing it! In a few minutes I found myself stepping out of bed, and peeping through the shutters as though I had been a little girl at Venice with a head running on nothing else. I could not make out at first whether it was a boy or a girl singing, for the voice might have belonged to either, and in her long black cloak, with her short aureole of golden hair floating round her head, she looked unlike anything I had ever seen. For all the world they reminded me, as they stood there in the white moonlight, of Lot's messengers, or some angelic vision. Can't you imagine it, the pretty spirit accompaniment to the voices that seemed to plead for warmth and admittance?

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‘When it was over I became cross again and went to bed, but all the next day the angels’ music was in my head, and as I had recognised the bass who had sung with them to be Nodin of the Opera, I sent for him to know who were my serenaders. The girl turned out to be the little Vaara, whom I have often heard of from Hasse, and the lad—not only did Nodin tell me that he was the composer both of words and tune of the serenade, but that he is the son of a dear woman I once knew—you have all heard of her, Nanine Dorioz—the pupil of whom Tartini was so fond; and this is her son whom Hasse has just dismissed from the choir. You see, I feel I must give him a chance of being heard, though, to tell you the truth,’ and her voice sank again to a whisper, ‘I have not told the Capellmeister a word about it.’

The lucky Josquin had not perhaps been aware when he applied to Faustina for help after his scrape with the Capellmeister, that, not only had this impetuous lady a warm love for young artists, but also a strong spirit of opposition, which made it her delight to take up anybody who happened to be out of favour with her husband or others. The more intimate of her guests, however, understood this tendency, and after receiving their hostess' version of the history of the young fiddler they were about to hear, they entered with zest into her interest.

'And if Hasse should find out that we are sheltering a withered branch and should reproach us, you must all help me to bear the consequences. I don't think he could withstand your appeal, eh, my duchess?' she said to the lovely girl, whose hand she had held during her discourse.

From the other side of the room came now laughter and the sound of a guitar, playfully touched by an old gentleman in a magnificent blossom-coloured coat, surrounded by a group of ladies. He sang in a falsetto voice :

Quand on sait plaisir,  
Surtout à la cour,  
Que peut-on faire  
Et nuit et jour  
Sans un peu d'amour ?

Look at his agreeable old wicked face, his delicate white hands on which the lace falls sumptuously ; he is the type of an old court musician, and he is the delight of the ladies. Imagine the brilliant little society into which our friends are about to come—they, the simple-minded and eager, into this world of the pleasure-seeking and languid, who only bear with art and unconventionality when it wears a large hoop and becomes piquant.

'Here come Lot's messengers,' said the



Doctor, laughing, as the boy and the tall girl were seen advancing down the long red room among the groups of people. And even in Faustina's circle many looked on the couple with that wondering and self-possessed gaze with which respectability, good birth, and high breeding often survey that mysterious creature, the artist. Oh who shall explain the vague dislike, the distant horror, the instinctive recoil of conventionality from the dreaded monster—originality! And Lisa, poor child, in her ordinary motherless garb, was odd-looking enough. As she came forward in the dress which Nodin had suggested as most suitable for the occasion, with loose hair, she looked as though she had fallen from some other planet, the child of a race of shining-haired giants, into a world all out of proportion with her. Josquin was far more at home; he was dressed with the greatest care, his

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eyes, which shone with excitement, alone betrayed some of his emotion as he went up lightly and kissed Faustina's hand. She received him with that manner which she knew so well how to display to any who depended on her.

This was the woman who, many years before, in the moment of her greatest triumph, came before the great Handel in deadly feud with her rival of the London stage, the pathetic Cuzzoni. She was tired of hearing her talent constantly compared with another's by the town, and vowed she would not sing for any opera manager who did not pay her more than any other prima donna. Handel, wearied with the quarrels and full of partiality for the piquant Bordoni, somewhat grossly gave her one guinea more than her rival, who retired in a rage, and soon afterwards died in broken health with Faustina's praises sounding around. But she who had

broken poor Cuzzoni's heart knew how to display all the warmth of her nature to anyone who depended on her. This brilliant old veteran of art seemed to throw a mantle of warm lovingkindness round the young recruits, to expand her heart on them and thaw the warm human springs which conventionality never fails to freeze. Soon Lisa was safely settled in a secluded nook, and Josquin was made to stand up to play, while those of the guests whose curiosity the hostess had awakened, gathered round to listen to the performance of which she had led them to expect much.

There were but few however in the crowd, and as Josquin began to tune, though his eyes were bent on his instrument, he felt the influence of so many critical and indifferent faces, all strange to him. As he preluded on the strings, waiting for courage to begin, he raised his eyes for a moment, and—alas

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for the poor moth-like Josquin; they fell upon the corner of the room which seemed to concentrate all the light where the young beautiful lady sat waving her long green fan. The old gentleman with the guitar bent over to whisper in her ear, and as her lips half parted with an ineffable dreamy smile, and the long languid eyes met his with a look of impassive scorn, a great trouble seized the young player. It might have been fancy, but it seemed to him that he had once before felt that cruel sweet smile; a sort of vague resentment rose in his heart, and a mist swam before his eyes. And, meanwhile, how was he to play? this was his first appearance as a performer, and Faustina expected much of him, he felt. But music seemed a thing of far away, no spirit whispered larger things to him, but cold conventional fear of criticism clogged his mind and fingers. All swam before his eyes, when suddenly he caught

sight of Lisa's white scared face; she bent upon him a look of terror and anguish which showed that she saw his trouble and shared his suffering. Poor Lisa, it was a shame to torture her thus : Josquin felt that for her sake he must overcome his nervousness. Her anxiety seemed to give him courage, her girlish timidity to make him a man. With a sudden effort he attacked his violin and commenced the opening movement of a sonata for violin alone, with a spirited ingenuity which was the fashion of the time. When he reached the second, the burden began to disappear from his heart and ceased to clog his arm ; as he told out the grave and tender air of the andante, some of that electric thrill that binds into one soul the soul of the player and the audience seemed to reach him, and Josquin felt himself and something greater than himself.

There was a little pause after it, and the

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room was quite silent. Faustina's eyes were filled with tears. 'It's his mother I hear, I see! such sensibility! such fineness of fibre!' she whispered to a neighbour, and she turned round and nodded encouragingly to Elisabetha in her dark corner. Then, with courage restored, Josquin passed to the fresh tuneful rhythm of the dainty minuet and rushing trio; and an irresistible impulse made him glance at the scornful lady, when he again met those long eyes bent on him, but this time—and Josquin's heart gave a joyous throb—there stood in them two bright tears, and her face wore a slightly wan look which bespoke the heavenly visitation of emotion. In that moment, while his bow walked the happy minuet over the yearning strings, the boy's heart danced to the measure, and as he came to the finale he was fired to inspiration; and he abandoned himself to the rollicking and jocund spirit

with which it was written, and astonished Faustina's critical assembly by the fire of his execution and richness of expression. Her own kind brown eyes shone and beamed with delight, and her head was in constant motion. Perfect silence reigned in the room, and greater men than Josquin nodded their heads, surprised into approval, and on the faces of the women sat emotion, sweetening the work-a-day expression.

'Now divine air ! now is his soul ravished !  
Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls  
out of men's bodies ?'

Josquin is returning to the last repetition of the bravura theme of the finale ; his mind soars in rich unearthly fields far away from all thought of Capellmeister, audience, false position ; the fair edifice he has built up is just about to be consummated, when suddenly down it comes, it vanishes into air as at the spell of a wizard. The spell is a

voice proceeding from behind. ‘Bravo ! Freilich eine schöne Technik ! Bravissimo !’ It is the Capellmeister advancing, swathed in a gorgeous dressing-gown, with tall night-cap and slippers feet. At the sound of the voice Josquin quickly turned and stood before Hasse, awful even in this changed aspect, sans high-heeled shoes, sans periwig, sans small sword, sans everything.

Everybody then began thinking of themselves and their embarrassment ; were they to go away, or look away only ? Faustina was radiant at the success of her *protégé*, whose playing had so far made her husband forget himself ; but she feared to speak and awake him from his somnambulist state, and, making him feel his position, to turn his delight to wrath ; and her promised supporters were all far too much paralysed by suppressed laughter to be able to say a word in his behalf.

In despair she looked round for somebody to take up the word, when that strange child Lisa's solemn face met her glance; she alone did not show alarming symptoms of explosion; the situation did not seem to her comic indeed—this first meeting of Josquin with the master since his dismissal! Now his fate was about to be decided. Her face might almost have been drawn as the expression of terror and pity, like that of the old tragic Greek mask, as she gazed on the two, expecting an outburst of wrath. In a moment Faustina went up to her: 'Come! he will hear you, you must speak, child; intercede for your friend,' and led her across the room to her husband. It took all by surprise to see the girl step forward, seeming to forget all her shyness, and stand forth in the middle of the room before the Capellmeister, so doubly alarming in his present costume. When she came in

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they had thought her uncouth, but as she clasped her hands before him she suddenly seemed to attain a pathetic grandeur in her attitude that a practised actress might have studied. ‘Meister! will you not forgive him now you have felt his power? It is in suffering that he has learnt to play thus. If you knew his devotion, his wish to serve you again... he will do you honour.’ Lisa’s speaking voice was not remarkable; she had a little eager catch in her speech, an imperceptible stutter before one or two words, but it irresistibly stirred some fibre in you when she spoke earnestly. ‘You see you did not know all he was worth,’ she went on; ‘I have often told you that you misjudged him: you did not know that he was my friend; working in your choir was such lonely work before he came... for my sake do not dismiss him!’ but she became confused at last, and burst into tears.

‘Lisa! is it you too? where do you both come from? You are a witch; I always said so, though you *do* know how to sing hymns. Come, come, don’t cry, my child: I am no ogre!’ then suddenly becoming fierce, the Capellmeister turned to his wife:

‘Faustina, what is this? why this mystery, this whispering? You don’t know what you are encouraging. How am I to keep order in my choir? you are finishing the spoiling of the boy. If he had an atom of respect for me or shame for his ill-conduct, he would not be fiddling here in this impudent . . .’

But they all came round him. ‘Ah, dear master! ah, good Capellmeister! Caro Sassone, he is so young, so beautiful, so well organised, he plays so seraphically, divinely!’ The pretty Cécile took one of his hands—at this moment, it occurred to one or two ladies to be shocked, and they

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flounced off in a huff unnoticed by anybody. Hasse tried to release himself and growled, at last in despair exclaimed :

‘ Faustina, I am catching cold ; see what your fantastic follies have led me to ; take him, pamper him, turn his silly head, do what you like with him, and let me hear nothing more of this ! ’ and without another word, fled back to his alcove, the drapery closing solemnly behind his tall night-cap.

An embarrassing pause might have followed had not the Doctor proposed that Elisabetha should immediately sing to them ; and when another lady boldly suggested that they should all hear the serenade, Faustina caught at the idea, and sitting down to the harpsichord, began herself putting in the guitar accompaniment from memory, while Josquin played and Elisabetha sang it.

Everybody was delighted, and compliments and exclamations of pleasure still fell

pleasantly on the young composer's ear, when the girl was asked for a solo and sang, accompanied by a friend of Faustina's ; and then Josquin, who between praise and displeasure felt all confused, retired to a dark corner, where he could just overhear some remarks which contributed to his embarrassment.

Two men stood conversing in a recess of the room, with their backs to him ; one the old gentleman who had sung to the guitar, the other a dark personage, who had sat all the evening hidden in the recess, with his heels on a divan and his eyes fixed on the ceiling. The elder man had just come up to him, saying, in his high cracked voice :

‘ My dear Excellence, I have been trying to get near you all the evening ; but you seem to be more enlivened by this performance than by the other that the dear Capellmeisterin expects us to think so much of.’

The other shrugged his shoulders.

'The fact is, she gets old—she gets old ; but I confess I pity the Capellmeister.'

'*Ventre Dieu*, your Excellence ! he was always helpless. It is a very good pleasantry, no doubt, but I for one would not stand this *eclaboussage* from the streets in my drawing-room.'

'And yet novelty always pleases, for everybody is enchanted. To look at them all nodding their heads over this serenade ! an ill-composed thing. What does it all mean ?'

'It means that when the Frau Capellmeisterin thinks she has an opportunity for displaying her own eccentricities, she will take it, and that everybody is ready to follow if they are but led. But how our friend is to keep order in his choir if his wife takes up every little reprobate there ! I won't do, the lad must lose his chance for th

orchestra, whatever Faustina thinks her influence can do.'

'That dear Faustina and her *protégés*!' said the old man with his well-bred little snigger. 'Did you ever see such an elephantine specimen of a young *debutante* in your life?'

'Elephantine do you call her? well, "un éléphant qui a avalé un rossignol" when she sings. What an organ she has! I shall keep my eye on her.'

At this moment Josquin became aware of two large, melancholy blue eyes fixed on him, belonging to a tall man in a faded turquoise-coloured coat, who stood with his back against the wall facing him; there was a star on his breast, but his dress and person gave one the impression of a sort of nonchalant disorder, which suited his languid figure, as he stood against the doorway absent and serene. Josquin gazed

back for a moment quite fascinated, but Lisa's song had come to an end, and Faustina moved up to the group; and he began to listen again from the place where he was hidden.

'Well, Count von Plauen, and you, Chevalier, what do you think of my Frenchman? I hear you praise the girl, but it is of the lad I want you to speak.' While she spoke there was something tragic in Faustina's manner, as if she expected to be repelled.

'Madam, he has a delicately cut face, something interesting about him, quite enough to ensure him success; he has sentiment, he may be clever . . .'

This was spoken with such a sneer that the kind vivid woman's face quite saddened, but the old courtier put in, 'He has the praise of Faustina Hasse, and therefore we must all acknowledge him, dear lady; who

would not welcome anyone she had smiled upon ?'

' You, Chevalier ! you I saw grimacing all the evening, you are an old impostor, and fine things I know you will be telling them in Paris, of Faustina in her old age ; but you can say that they will soon envy us a little Frenchman, who will add to the glory of Dresden.'

' I fear, Madam,' said Von Plauen, ' that Paris, after all, will have the honour of claiming him ; for, after he has set the authority of the Capellmeister at defiance, there is no chance for him at our opera or Court chapel.'

' He has *not* set it at defiance,' Faustina burst in ; but the serene gentleman who had been gazing calmly over their heads, still staring across at Josquin, put in cautiously : ' Are there not other orchestras in Germany ready to welcome a child of genius, Monsieur

l'Intendant ? One coming with Faustina Hasse's interest will find every master ready to open his arms to him. And do you not think, Madam, that there is another beginning possible to your *protégé*; for some months would he not be the better for travelling and studying out of an orchestra; for instance, as chamber-musician do you not think he might best develope ?'

'Ah, as chamber-musician, dear lady,' the old courtier exclaimed, 'that would be indeed a good beginning; let him see the world, let him perfect himself, and gain that facility which my friend Rameau said to me the other day, he had attained only in courts.'

'Donnez-moi la Gazette de Hollande, et je la mettrai en musique !' and then he must learn what is indispensable for success in life, "l'art de plaire." I began by being chamber-musician at the age of seventeen.'



‘No ; it isn’t in courts that the gift of pleasing is learnt,’ say I, ‘nor does the soul fatten on such music as is to be extracted from the “Gazette de Hollande.”’ You are a dear old ignorant chevalier, and you are charming, and nothing else,’ said Faustina, shrilly, and the old gentleman wriggled with delight into a seat. But Von Plauen raised his nostrils, and ceremoniously bowed his good-night, and in a moment Faustina became more her natural self, and beamed out to her gentle and sympathetic friend : ‘Your Excellency has spoken true to your great and beautiful nature,’ she said, and drew him to her husband’s alcove, for there seemed to be signs of renewal of life behind the death-like curtain there.

Perhaps at this reminder, an electric thrill went through the assembly, and each one felt that he was treading on a volcano ; but

each of the guests seemed seized with the desire not to be left the last; and Josquin thought it wise to take advantage of the move, and to make his escape with Lisa among the first.

## CHAPTER IV.

*JOSQUIN FINDS A PATRON.*

As the friends walked home under the stars, they had more fears than hopes, in spite of their excitement, as to what would be the result of the evening's brilliant catastrophe. It was a relief to recount it all to Nodin, who roared and beamed over the story, and whose pride and delight had some effect in buoying up their spirits. He would not be depressed by the conversation Josquin had overheard; he felt sure that from henceforth his fortune was made, and he only wished that he had been considered sufficiently respectable by the *Frau Capellmeisterin* to be invited, that he might have witnessed Josquin's success.

'Fancy the old badger unearthed by your violin, and my goddess making her appeal before that noble society!' He made certain that this her first appearance in the world might hasten the day of her triumph, when he, poor shipwrecked old Nodin, would come in for a share of the splendour.

But meanwhile another influence, contrary to Faustina's, came to work on the weak Hasse, and prejudiced him further against his pupil. The man who had spoken so fancifully in praise of Elisabetha, and so arbitrarily of the violinist, was the Count von Plauen, an official person at the Court Theatre, of whom we shall often hereafter have to speak in this history, bound up as it is with the history of the Dresden Opera: between him and Faustina, as may be seen, there was no love lost, and they were always in opposition. He now positively put an end to all her hope of influencing her:

husband in Josquin's favour, by refusing to let him enter the orchestra.

Many days, however, passed before the little party in the Kloster-haus were relieved of suspense. The performance of the Magnificat came off, and still no notice was sent to Josquin. Hasse had kept silence, and at the last rehearsal, and on the grand day, his place was taken by another pupil; even more to Lisa's grief than his own. She had a great success, and there came in reports of royal praise; but it touched him to see how much less she seemed to care for these than for his disappointment, and a new sentiment of loyalty was kindled in the mercurial Josquin. When he first knew Lisa it was awe and wonder she inspired in him, but he had been too much of a boy to keep this feeling in their daily familiarity, and not to think of her and her *ponderous* earnestness, as he would call it, except as a

sort of joke ; now, he felt, however, that she had made the only home he recognised in the world, and he dreaded being transplanted from the kindly soil where he had taken root. With her he had always been able to look forward to a glorified future. Music was so completely a part of this half-tamed girl, that she looked forward without shrinking to her public life, and led him to soar with her in her high-flown ideal of it ; and in their long talks about the future, into which she threw all the seriousness of her nature, and he his bright hopefulness, had lain the secret of her power to keep him steadfast all these years. Josquin had made many friends in the town, a gayer town than the Dresden we know, and he had his life of distractions and pleasures ; but he would come back to Lisa, with her simple intention, her ardent way of looking at things, her grand ignorance of evil, and the glimpses he

got into this pure soul elevated him above the other influences with which his life brought him in contact ; and better than the Capellmeister's theories, better than all Josquin's thorough-bass, was the influence of this fellow-worker to make him believe in his calling.

But now all this was coming to an end, for as the days passed, it seemed most likely that he was forgotten by Faustina, and not forgiven by Hasse. He began to go through all the hard experiences of bread-seeking again : waitings, disappointments, long expeditions across the town in the dusty hot weather ; he worked hard at his compositions, but what he earned by them was not sufficient to live upon, and all the while he nourished the hope that he might be summoned back to the orchestra, and be allowed to live joyously with a free mind, while learning still beside Elisabetha.

At last, however, he learnt his fate—he was neither forgiven nor forgotten. Hasse—who had not ceased to give Josquin lessons in composition, though maintaining a stern silence all the while on the subject of his punishment—at last opened his lips. At the end of one of their lessons, he stood up and looked at him : ‘ Josquin Dorioz, all hope of your entering the King’s orchestra being now at an end, would you learn in what manner you might retain your greatest privilege—that of being taught by Me ?’

Josquin could only say ‘ Yes,’ while his heart sank with disappointment. ‘ Come with me, then,’ said the Capellmeister. ‘ You have not been forgotten, Josquin Dorioz ; I have had an offer for you, but I have waited awhile to apprise you of it. You have now been humbled, and are more fit to hear of your good fortune.’

And he led him into Faustina’s boudoir,

where, to his astonishment, Josquin beheld seated, by the lady's side, on a little *tête-à-tête* sofa, a tall, blond stranger, whom he recognised by the blue eyes that had fascinated him at the Capellmeister's a month before. They gazed at him now with the same expression of interest, while Faustina greeted and introduced him.

'M. Josquin,' she said kindly, 'the Count Lichtenberg, who desires to speak to you, heard you at my house when you were there.'

The name was well known to Josquin; Lichtenberg was a great patron of Art, lately come to live near Dresden. The young man stood up before the two friends with his eyes on the ground—indeed, it was a little embarrassing, for neither spoke; but Josquin was only troubled because Hasse's words had taken away suddenly all his best hopes. Meanwhile, Faustina was saying in

French to her friend: ‘Fin—spirituel—hein?’

‘Yes, that is it,’ he was replying, half to himself, ‘that is the thing I want—sensibility—individuality. M. Dorioz, has the Herr Ober Capellmeister spoken to you of the proposal I made to him for you a month ago?’

‘*Not for the world*, your Excellency,’ said Hässe, reproachfully breaking in. The Count looked almost discomposed for a moment, as if he had done wrong, but he went on suavely, ‘I was much pleased with your playing then, M. Dorioz, and interested in your composition; and I supposed that you would certainly be engaged in His Majesty’s band. But I find that it is not so; and as I am desirous of getting good music at my own house, and feel a wish to help you, I offer you the post of chamber-musician in my household.’

‘Your Excellency,’ Hasse broke in, in a tone of remonstrance, ‘he will turn out a mere idle coxcomb if you flatter him.’

‘Idle he shall not be,’ said the dignified Count. ‘You know my life ; he shall not be less in earnest about Art than I am. I have long been looking out for this young man,’ he said, turning aside to Faustina. ‘You knew my wish to train him. M. Dorioz, does the thought of this please you ; will you come and be my Kammermusikus ?’

‘Your Excellency, the idea is quite new, for only just now I learnt that there is no hope of the orchestra ; I would fain know about the duties . . .’

‘Yes, yes, Dorioz, you shall not take this lightly that I offer you : indeed, if you do come to live under my roof, you will understand what weight I give to the post I offer you. If you fill it well, you will be the one to inspire a whole household. My tastes are

quiet, but much society is forced upon me by my rank. I would ennoble it with beautiful Art and music, which raises those who come, though their minds may be bent only on the feast. I myself, Dorioz, have not the youth and brightness to inspire such beauty,' he said, with his melancholy smile; 'but in you I have recognised the charming sentiment of the composer, who will sympathetically seize every mood with his music. . . . More of this I will say on another occasion. I have judged you, and think I am not mistaken in you. How old you are you, Dorioz ?'

'Almost twenty.'

'Yes, young enough to be guided—to be led—bright, impressionable nature,' the Count murmured in his pleasant, suave tones. 'I shall wish you to stay under my guidance during the next few years . . . learning, profiting, not only giving out . . . travelling

with me ; some time hence you will develope, gain experience . . .'

'Your Excellency, it is more than I deserve or could have hoped for,' Josquin said. A light did indeed begin to fall on the vista opening to him with this mention of travelling, and meanwhile he could remain near Lisa, he thought; but again he became troubled, for the strange Count had interrupted him, and was continuing in his gentle voice :—

'You will gain more and more liberty to develope, but meanwhile I shall wish you to be entirely under my guidance; and, *mon enfant*, there are one or two questions I must ask you. Have you father or mother ?'

'They are both dead.'

'I hear you have taken your mother's name ?'

'Yes, she was well known in Italy as a musician long ago.'

'Yes, I think I recollect . . . but have you relations living—where are they chiefly ?'

Josquin had become quite unaccustomed to tremble at the idea of being discovered, but he now started unpleasantly. 'I have none in Dresden ; they are chiefly unmusical, and for that reason I have little help from them.'

'Ah ! an independent career. . . Have you a large acquaintance in the town ?' Josquin thought here he was safe.

'A few fellow-pupils and artists, the Capellmeister and Capellmeisterin, a few old admirers of my mother's : these form all my acquaintance.'

'But I must ask, are there many ladies amongst them ?'

At Elisabetha, then, Josquin discovered at last, the Count was aiming.

'Your Excellency, that is a question I have never considered. There is the Frau

Capellmeisterin,' he said, bowing 'and Lisa Vaara, who has been kind to me ever since I came to Dresden. Your Excellency, she is so very serious,' and he could not resist looking up amused into his patron's face. Faustina burst out laughing merrily. Von Lichtenberg had *no* humour, but he did not seem displeased, and when Josquin asked to be allowed a day to give an answer, and left them, he continued to praise the young man's intelligent bearing to the Capellmeisterin. But she, who had watched his face brighten and fall, was wondering, and almost disappointed that her favourite had not appeared more dazzled by the idea of the excellent position offered him in a nobleman's house; however, before the amiable Count left her, she had agreed with him that it was only a new sign of the originality that charmed them in the young violinist.

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But Josquin was indeed going home with a burdened feeling of impatience, and Faustina would have needed to know his history to understand his prejudice against the new position offered him. Up to this he had indulged the faint hope that after all Hasse would take him into the Court orchestra, and so make him independent ; but while the Count had spoken to him, he felt that his freedom was gone ; and as he left Faustina's it rushed into his mind, how dangerously like was this society he would now have to enter to the old Vienna bondage from which he had escaped. The Count's description made it sound an agreeable vocation enough ; but then what had been his meaning in his last questions, except that a poor Kammermusikus was not to call his soul his own ? Would he then never be free ? he thought, as he returned to the beloved Klosterhaus. Yet all the while

he felt that it would be madness to refuse the good offer.

For long Josquin mused when he reached his room. Near his window swifts went wheeling past shrilly, and swallows in and out of the red chimney-pots that stood peacefully glowing against the blue ; lilac trees in the courtyard and noseless statue and pump were glorified in the golden evening, and on the roofs below and above him the gold lay dying. In one dark corner of the garden there was a guelder rose ; its white heads stood out cool and creamy, refreshing only to look at after all the heat and dust of the day ! Infinite regret and fondness seized Josquin, as he looked out on the dingy old abode. He was little accustomed to analyse his feelings ; indeed this had been the secret of his strength and happiness in the past years, since unconsciousness is the soul of the life poetic

that we only live perfectly in youth. But now he suddenly felt that **he** had hitherto been leading an **ideal** life, and that it had only been **ideal** because he had not realised it ; the spell was broken, something told him, for he now had a choice to make ; doubtings and choosings came to mar the music ; whatever became of him, an old chapter he instinctively felt was coming to an end, and with his entrance into a new one, he felt a first touch of analysis and self-examination. But when supper-time came, and he went to tell his friends, he had resolved to accept the Count's good offer.

It was delightful to see Nodin while he related his news ; he listened beaming and dazzled, clasping the ends of his fingers on the top of his stomach, and nodding away while puffing at his pipe, repeating to himself every gratifying detail : ‘ Faustina put the hand on your arm—good,—his Excellency

the Count explained to you—an immense salary? no, a peculiar interest—a noble circle. Yes, yes, a great patron—go on, M. Dorioz—ah, a prospect of travelling.'

Here Lisa looked up; her face was wan, it was very differently *she* listened to Josquin's prospects. But even Nodin said quite sadly here, 'Ah! M. Dorioz, that is the worst of it, you will be leaving us; even while you remain at Dresden, you will be removed. But we must choose the path of glory!'

Josquin hastened to assure Nodin that what he called the path of glory did not tempt him, that he would far rather remain beside his kind friends in freedom, but that he thought it his duty to accept, and to be working so that he might repay the Capellmeister and his teaching. 'For,' he added, 'the Capellmeister has promised to go on instructing me, even while I am at the

Lichtenberg villa, so that I shall sometimes see you. Indeed, he kindly said he was willing to keep me altogether.'

'What? did he say that?' Elisabetha broke in; 'might you really stay on working and perfecting yourself, as you have done so far?'

'Yes; but, Lisa, you can think that I am in a hurry to be more independent of Hasse.'

'To be sure, M. Dorioz,' said Nodin; 'you deserve a more brilliant position. You can now have two strings to your bow, and two feathers to your cap!'

'What do you mean, Nodin?' said Lisa, looking up quite earnest and severe, as she could look. 'Don't you think M. Dorioz is good enough to be worth the Capellmeister's bounty? Why should he be loth to receive a kindness, wholly, as it is intended to be taken, without thinking of a

second string to his bow? He must give himself up entirely to becoming a great artist before he thinks of getting a position.'

'Ah, Lisa, it is those who can give generously, like you, who know how to receive so generously,' said Josquin. 'Perhaps you are right, but still I would fain live on what my own efforts can procure.'

'I do not understand you at all,' she said, with her earnest eyes looking at him full. 'Nodin, you mean nothing by the path of glory, and you, Josquin, do not realise what you are giving up. This life that you think of entering is at all events a conventional shackling kind of life. *You* know the people for whose praise you will now have to live; here you have a far safer service. There I know you will live on sweets, and here at least on wholesome food.'

'But how are those who are in debt to choose their nourishment, Lisa? You are

unpractical and high-flown ; surely music is the same everywhere ?'

Although the words thoroughly echoed his own thoughts of awhile-ago, they irritated him at the moment, he scarcely knew why. Josquin was quite crazy in his impatience after freedom, and now even Lisa's convictions and impracticalities seemed to put a restraint upon him. How often afterwards did they seem to him the best thing that he knew, and was thankful to have known them, these convictions and impracticalities !

She became silent now, and Josquin talked on for some time to Nodin after supper, till the old man fell asleep ; then, looking round, he saw that Elisabetha had retired into the recess of the window ; he felt hard, and yet remorseful and unhappy. He went to the window, and looked out on the night, all that could be seen of the

beauty of the heavens above the Klosterhaus yard.

'Lisa, come and look at Orion,' he said; and as she leaned out, he thought her white face looked intense and pure as the guelder rose against the darkness. 'I hate going, Lisa, but I must. What shall I do?'

She was too much in earnest to be sentimental, spite of the south wind that gently stirred the night, and she spoke out practically. 'Only, Josquin, if you go, keep out of the way of your family; don't let them draw you back.'

'I too have thought of my family, Lisa, but not with any fears; I shall soon be of age, and then they can have no power over me, and, if threatened, you will see me running home. You have made this old place home to me;' and then, with a sudden gentle impulse, for the first time,

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Josquin put his arm round the girl's grand form, and looked into her earnest eyes : 'Lisa, when I write to you, may I call you sister ? Good night, dearest sister,' and he gave her a good kiss, and then turned to say good night to Nodin, who unfortunately awoke too late to see the embrace that would have delighted him.



## CHAPTER V.

*AT THE HARPSICHORD.*

A WEEK of regrets Josquin yet spent in the Klosterhaus; but when the appointed day came, and he had said farewell to Nodin and Lisa on the outskirts of the town, and set his face for the villa, he began to feel his heart lighten and become free of all dulness and depression, and if there was still sadness there, it was of that sort which comes with all beginnings and endings, and is soft and not hateful.

To each one of us comes, sooner or later, the awakening to the full consciousness of life, which Josquin had been experiencing in

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the past month. Till very late, he had gone on his way in boy-like fashion, always following the great Of-course, though blessed with strong desires and decisions ; but with the necessity of change had come the awakening, and with it, at first, only doubts and regrets for the past. He had thought that all sweetness was gone with the unconscious life. But this morning, as the riverside road led him joyously along out into the June morning, it seemed to him that he had done with looking back ; at every step that he took towards his new abode, vague presentiment and expectation made his heart beat, and these were born of youthful yearnings and brought hope. And all about him that morning seemed to speak of life and progress. Nature had painted her skies with soft water-colours, for it had been raining, and there was not a bramble that had not its poetry, not a bit of the earth

that was not stirring ; the sick were crawling out, the children and the lovers seeking the trees. As he left the town, a fancy came into his mind from some fairy tale, of how through winter and struggling spring the words of men are caught up and imprisoned by the spirits of frost and cold, but when the warm winds blow how there comes an escaping of their frozen speech, so that in summer there is constantly an uproar, for who will understand it, of voices in the air. It seemed to him that morning that the air was full of voices, utterances of new experience and beauty, and was not his share in these best things of life awaiting him ? was not this new lot that he had dreaded bringing him an answer to the undefined hope that suddenly filled him with impatience for the future ? 'Come bondage ! come work ! if with these come also inspiration, richer life, fuller experience !'

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The villa stood among trim Italian gardens and fountains ; on the side nearest the river there were sloping terraces, but Josquin's way led him through the front iron gates opening on the road. A lackey received him under the Palladian portico, and desiring him to wait till his Excellency was visible, left him in a small vestibule filled with works of art, at the end of a long gallery, the windows of which opened on the terraces. Here Josquin was sufficiently amused for half an hour, looking at the frescoes on the walls, and some beautiful bas-reliefs on the pedestal of a Roman urn ; then becoming impatient, he went to the window to look out on the trim gardens and statues. As he stood here, a perfect rush of spring came up, delighting every sense, and Josquin saw that a little beyond, on the right of the window, the terrace suddenly ended, and a few feet below it lay a garden laid out

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in English fashion, a perfect paradise of blossom seeming to absorb all the sun and shelter. It was a little green close shaded by apple-trees, a row of limes terminated it on the other side, along which was prepared a trim border of flowers ; the shadows from the apple-tree twigs fretted the sun-flooded green, where buttercups showed here and there cheerful heads of gold. What charming mind, thought Josquin, had put its sentiment into this quaint garden ? Hark ! as he leaned over the terrace where the warm scent of earth came up, and a chorus of bird-songs, there blended with these sweetesses that of a high treble voice, the words and melody wafted through a window :—

A l'Amour rendez les armes,  
Donnez-lui tous vos momens;  
Chérissez jusqu'à ses larmes.

Les alarmes  
Ont des charmes,  
Tout est doux pour les amans.

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There was spring in the blackbirds' songs, and spring in the French ditty, and spring filling Josquin's heart. Forgetting all prudence, he could not resist stepping forward till he could see right into a long bay window that opened on to the garden. It was a dark-panelled room, but the light fell upon a figure at the harpsichord—a young girl, whose fingers gently touched its keys, as she sang out of an ornamented song-book. In a moment Josquin recognised the dignified head and mouth, the dreamy eyes and brows, of the beautiful young girl he had seen at Faustina's. What! was this Count Lichtenberg's daughter? he fancied him a bachelor, and he little thought that he should belong to the same household as this charming singer. The tenderest minuet, the rhythmic first line of a sonnet, the madrigal breathing a summer sky, all fragrance and daintiness of beauty, seemed to find their

expression, Josquin thought, in this gentle lady.

But he was obliged, for fear of discovery, to return to the gallery, and quickly passing in again he shook a rose-bush standing near, bringing down a shower of that morning's rain-drops on himself. It is your baptism into a new life; take care, Josquin, that it is not a baptism into a new love! a dangerous beginning to the career of service to princes! Beware! or *à l'amour rendez les armes!*'

As he entered he found himself face to face with a young man rather older than himself, in the dress of a Roman abbé, grey and thin and melancholy in appearance; melancholy too was the nasal voice in which he told Josquin that he was his Excellency's secretary, and came to summon him to his presence. In silence he conducted the violinist to the Count's apartments, which

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lay on the same side of the house as the boudoir just described ; that part which Josquin had already traversed seemed to consist entirely of reception rooms.

The Count was reclining on his sofa in morning undress ; his head, which was perfectly smooth like his chin, and tall forehead were unconcealed by the ordinary perruque ; papers and books surrounded him, but he was employed in feeding some beautiful spaniels with slices of sweetbread which he cut himself—and thus bald and languid, he appeared to Josquin even more strange and infatuated than he had done at their first interview ; but as he looked up with his kind smile, there was a melancholy in his large blue eyes, and a mildness in his lofty brow that made him loveable, spite of the touch of weakness that had at first repelled the young man.

‘ Well, Paradies,’ he said to the secretary,

'have you introduced yourself? can you make M. Dorioz at home? *Cher enfant*, are you happy now in coming to accept the place I offered you the other day?'

'Yes, your Excellency, I could not have hoped for a better opening. I only fear not to fulfil your high standard.'

'I do not fear it, Dorioz, though my standard is high for you. I want you, while living with me, gradually to understand your position in my house. You may have been surprised at my questions of the other day; but while working and learning still you will gradually come to understand the ideal I have made for your life, and you will understand *me* too. A long time ago I discovered that life was only precious for its illusions; politics grew to have no interest for me, for methinks they are too much decided by big battalions; philosophy, too, which once charmed me, has become a war of

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conquest, a cutting down of forests. I once sought the illusions of religion by leaving the world, but in the cloister I could not find that on which they could feed. No, Dorioz, in Art alone do we find the illusion that will carry us through the prosaicness and staleness of life—in the raptures of music, in the deceptions of painting and sculpture. You, young man, are one of those who help blades of grass to grow, while others will scratch with pen-knives at the bark of oaks. Cutting down prejudices, forsooth ! In you I have seen the spontaneity and freshness of genius. No theories for me, no talk ! If the angel Gabriel came down from heaven to convert me to a theory, and I knew he thumped when he played, I should not be converted. A good touch, that is all that is necessary for the world's good ; you, M. Dorioz, will be my missionary of beauty and light.'

Josquin could reply nothing to this rhapsody; he looked with astonishment into his patron's blue eyes, while the latter detailed to him farther the duties of his office: he was to play every day with the Count, spend some hours in composition, lead in the evening the chamber music. He was to have his own rooms in the house while they remained at the villa, afterwards in town he might lodge separately. 'For the present, however, I wish you to remain working close to me; and to begin with, Dorioz, before we come to other things, I wish you to bear in mind always, that you are *very young.*'

What this could mean, the poor Kammer-musikus was at a loss to guess; but it recalled to his mind the Count's suspicious questionings of a few days before, and he thought that the prejudice against any sort of sentiment was a strange result of his patron's horror for theories. But he could not help

admiring his new master ; sitting there amidst the statues, pictures, and beautiful antiques and other treasures of his library, he was in harmony with all the refined taste of the house. He felt fascinated, while he rebelled against the new patronage.

‘Your Excellency, I will always return your kindness with honest service. I think you are right in saying that we shall understand each other best when I have begun to work for you.’

The Count seemed satisfied ; and seeing that the young man’s eyes strayed now and then to the pictures on the walls, said, ‘Are you fond of paintings, antiques, sculpture ? My life has been spent in collecting such things for this villa and my house at Vienna, and you shall learn something of them here. Paradies,’ he said, turning to the secretary, ‘take M. Dorioz to the music-room, and through the gallery to his own apartments.

'This afternoon, Josquin, you shall come back to me, for I have here,' and he laid his hand on a pile of terrible-looking manuscript music, 'much that I want to discuss with you.'

Josquin had heard of these wonderful compositions. 'Was he to criticise them?' he asked himself, 'or to *missionarise* them?' to use the Count's expression. He was half amused, half dismayed by the new importance the vagaries of his master imposed upon him; but he followed the young priest, who was eyeing him out of the corner of his pale eyes, which seemed to blend with the insipid colourlessness of his hair and complexion all into a thin grey together.

As he led Josquin into the beautiful music-room he was silent, and as the young musician exclaimed at the perfection of the building for sound, at the fine organ in the gallery above them, the other one looked

only timidly and mournfully at him. Josquin was wondering whether a St. Cecilia in sacque and patches ever drew inspired notes through those silver pipes, and he only waited for encouragement to ask the secretary whether the young lady of the house was the Count's daughter. In the room there were several busts and statues ; one of these was a fine copy of the Dancing Faun at Florence. Josquin knew little of the beauty of sculpture, but the power of this statue was quickly felt by him ; the whole poetry and fire and motion breathed into the half-grotesque form struck him and delighted him. His reverie was interrupted by the voice of the secretary : ' You seem to be strangely delighted with that grotesque invention, M. Dorioz.'

' Yes,' said Josquin ; ' I was wondering what grand tune it was he danced to. I should like to play him some day a great

gigue of Bach's, for I think that would be worthy to express him.'

'What, a gigue, M. Dorioz? Ah, how I trusted that you would banish such tastes from this household! What will you say some day to his Excellency's idea of having only great music for his balls, and when he will make you lead the musicians up in the gallery? Ah, you do not perhaps suffer from the nerves, M. Dorioz; but if you knew what I have endured from the infernal racket!'

'But is there often dancing here?' said Josquin.

'Happily not all the year round, but for these three months of the year the Count's niece stays in the house, and then there is farewell to all peace and quiet. The Count expects me to work at his manuscripts; how can I, when just as I settle, the partitions of my room shake with the jiggings below? And yet you say you like such things!'

They were passing through the gallery again, on the way to their own rooms, when the door of the vestibule at the end was opened, and Josquin turning at the sound of the rustle of silk, beheld the gentle player on the harpsichord coming towards them, in large straw hat and garden gloves, and he recognised now unmistakably his beautiful listener at Faustina's. Some other memory also vaguely seemed about to be recalled by the young lady's face, but it would not come.

Never, Josquin thought, had he seen so noble a picture of grace and loveliness, as she entered, with the rich bloom on her cheek and lips, and dignified port, stately though she had entered carelessly and unconsciously of strangers. She passed the young men as if she did not see them, and Josquin had to discreetly turn his eyes on one of the statues, though they fain would

have rested longer on nature's more glorious perfection passing by.

When she was gone, Paradies looked greyer than ever ; he conducted Josquin up a private staircase and showed him into an apartment shut off from the rest of the house ; then closing the door, he exclaimed :—

‘ There, M. Dorioz ! that is how you must expect to be treated for the next three months ; that is the lady who leads the whole household the very devil of a life while she is here, and serves those she troubles with scornfulness and neglect.’

‘ The Count is not married, is he ? ’ asked Josquin.

The secretary shook his head mysteriously : ‘ No—nor ever will be ! That is the misfortune with your so-named women-haters, men who think themselves superior to other people in these things ; they are always worse ruled than any others. You know

at one time he was anxious to be a monk, and spent five years of noviciate in the cloister; he has always had a horror of marriage. Better if his Excellency had a wife, or a mistress; as it is, we have three female rulers instead of one. There is his mother, the dowager lady; she is what you call a well-preserved old lady. Is not that a terrible anomaly of nature, M. Dorioz, when a woman is dry as a parched pea, with a man's will, a child's waywardness, and a girl's coquetry, yet expecting devotion? Then there is her demoiselle de compagnie, the haus-frau tyrant, making one wipe one's shoes—but there is nothing like the Fräulein von Lichtenberg for coquetry. The Count is so absorbed, *he sees nothing!*'

Josquin nearly burst out laughing. Surely this monkish Jaques could not have much cause to complain of the coquetry even of the slightly dowager, still less of the radiant

Fräulein von Lichtenberg. He kept repeating the name to himself, it seemed to help him towards the recollection which he tormented himself to recover; but Paradies began showing him the rooms he was to occupy. His apartment would communicate with that of the secretary. ‘Here I work,’ he said, showing Josquin his study full of books; ‘from my sofa to my writing-table, from my table to my sofa, that is my life.’ Both his and the Kammermusikus’ rooms looked out over a far-stretching view. Josquin exclaimed when he saw it: the fair plain where the woods would soon be green, the stately river with its noble windings worthy to bathe a stately town, the city lying there with its spires and smoke pointing and rising heavenwards, a calm silent thing pleasantest of all to look out upon.

‘Oh, good luck!’ he exclaimed; ‘what a window to work at! I have always said that

I should be a philosopher if I could live looking over a town.'

'It's much too near for me,' said the secretary; 'all that I care for in this view are those far lines of hills; and though I never go near the town, the town comes out here, and how is it possible to keep the true calm of soul necessary to a student in all the bustle?'

For all his abject depression there was something interesting in the plaintive secretary; there was a gentle pitifulness and sweetness in his tone as he spoke the whining German language. The words *leiden, weinen, allein, Sehnsucht, in die Weite!* seemed made for the mouth of Paradies. 'Poor fellow!' thought Josquin, 'my tunes, jigs and gavottes though they may be, I vow shall keep me fresher than his fusty manuscripts.' But there was something ominous about his depression; Josquin could

not help wondering whether there might not be something in the atmosphere of the house to depress him in like manner.

When the evening came it was with some trepidation that he dressed himself, and went down into the music-room for the after-supper family entertainment. He was waiting there when the family entered from supper : first the Count, bland and serene, looking as if his soul had been fattened with the first droppings of the grape ; on his arm was an old lady, whose gold-headed cane, high old-fashioned Louis XIV. head-dress, spoke the Dowager Countess. They were followed by her companion bearing cushions, vinaigrette, with cheerful long-suffering look, as though she would say ‘Beat me,’ and painfully knew every inch of her position ; then Cécile, followed by two young men. This little group had all the gaiety that seems depressing to him who has not been present

at the festive gathering, and the young men seemed to be taking the opportunity of making speeches restrained during supper. But Cécile was languid ; attired in a pale muslin the colour of faded rose-leaves, she sate down in a far corner and appeared absorbed in a small spaniel dog on her arm.

The Count greeted the young musician kindly, and introduced him to all the family at once with a wave of the hand—the strangers followed Cécile, giving no more salutation to Josquin than she had done—but turned to his mother, and said, ‘ Madam, this is our new accomplished Kammermusikus, a pupil of Hasse’s ; you will be charmed with his talent.’

The old Countess seated herself and addressed him a few words of welcome. She was a tall, superb old woman, stronger apparently than her son, but with the originals of his blue eyes and a grand

expressive nose. She looked searchingly at the young violinist, and she gave him to understand that her ears were dainty, as she expressed it : ‘Good violin playing is rare as good wine, and those who have known the fine *bouquet* of such tone as that of Veracini’s, or of Tartini in his fiery youth, who have been taught music by the Padre Martini himself, have a right to be difficult to please—you understand, young man : now let me hear.’

Thus encouraged, Josquin began to play the Trio selected by the Count ; it was with a great feeling of alarm that he began, and some disappointment that the most sympathetic listener he hoped to have seemed listless and wholly uninterested, sitting far away in a remote corner of the hall with her lap-dog. The old lady, on the contrary, was at his elbow, Sibyl-like, listening with one hand hollowed to her ear. She deigned to

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be pleased, however, and peremptorily asked for a solo, naming a favourite sonata of Veracini. Josquin obeyed : and she called for another piece, and another, till he had played for nearly an hour, feeling at last half-inclined to laugh at a remembrance of Paradies' deprecations of the old lady's insatiability. Between the movements of his sonata he looked at last in despair towards the young lady of the house ; nothing was to be seen of her but the contour of a cheek, the graceful coils of hair. She had not seemed even to recognise the player she had praised at Faustina's ; the man near her whispered to her ; she was interested in the lap-dog on her arm—in anything but the music. Josquin felt disgusted at the want of sentiment for it displayed by the possessor of so rare a gift of beauty ; and it would indeed have been trying to a less sensitive nature than his to pour out his sweetness before attentive old

age, while youth and dreamy loveliness sate unmoveable, unreachable in the distance. ‘This is what I deserve for letting my head run on fine ladies,’ he said to himself. . ‘Why, these marble statues have more soul;’ and he bethought him of the beautiful Greek Faun, there before him, living, breathing, full of power, dancing now, it seemed to the player, to the tune of his mighty presto, while near it sate, listless and cold, Fräulein von Gasparein, unconscious of all beauty but her own. Perhaps the musician gained inspiration from his fit of pique, for he drew an exclamation of delight from the old lady and all his listeners, and as he ended the Count came up, saying, ‘Bravo! that is famous. Madam, I hope that you are satisfied with my choice.’ The Dowager rose majestically to take the arm he at the same time offered her. ‘Monsieur Dorioz, you have played *well*; and, my son,

you have shown good taste in your choice. I shall look forward to our next meeting for music.'

Her rising seemed to be the signal for the ladies' departure; and now Cécile was to receive her well-deserved rebuke. The sharp-eyed Dowager noted that her granddaughter did not seem to know that the music had ceased. 'Ah, my child, at your age, even I had learnt to forget everything when music went on, but I wish that Nature had dowered you with *my* ears!'

'Well, dear grandmamma,' replied the young lady, rising with heavy dreamy eyelids like those of a sleepy child, 'I am quite content with having inherited your pretty nose.'

And she was about to follow her grandmother out of the room, when the Count said, 'Cécile will you not remain to hear my new trio?' and he produced an

immensely thick manuscript, and placed it before Josquin. ‘ It will take three-quarters of an hour, including the repeats; but I should like you to try it with me, Dorioz ; my sister will kindly play with us ;’ and he himself sat down with his violoncello, while his niece, hardly attempting to disguise an immense yawn, let herself drop into her chair, and was soon fast asleep in her corner,—a baby’s sleep, with flushing cheeks and placid lips.

While he went through the mazes of the dreamy Count’s composition, Josquin could not help the most wandering thoughts. The moment he heard the beautiful Fräulein von Lichtenberg called by the name of Cécile by her uncle, it had flashed into his mind that this was the little girl of his boyhood’s parties, the niece (*à la mode de Bretagne*) of his Aunt Agatha, and Charles’ cousin ; and at the same time it occurred to him for the

first time, that Charles's mother's name had been Von Lichtenberg : all this was sufficient to make his heart beat very unpleasantly, and suggest to him many possibilities of Lisa's words coming true, for he was running a risk of coming into actual contact with his family again. It was easily to be explained that so far his patron recognised nothing in him, having spent in the cloister just the years of his father's marriage, and having seen nothing of his sister's family since. 'If I am discovered, however,' he resolved to himself, 'the Count will be obliged to dismiss me, and I shall be none the worse for a course of this life for awhile.'

'M. Dorioz, what do you think of my ritournelle?' said the simple Count as they came to the end of the movement.

'I like the melodies throughout, your Excellency,' Josquin said, as truthfully as

he could, and he tried to become more attentive.

When the music had come to an end, and he was safely in his room again, the pale secretary came rambling in shyly, and looking out of the corners of his eyes. He said he came to see if Josquin wanted anything, then added abruptly, ‘M. Dorioz, I must tell you how I enjoyed your playing to-night. Good God, sir! you played that presto marvellously well; that rapture at the end, how did it go? I should be satisfied if I could feel like that once a month.’

‘Thank you, M. Paradies; I shall be glad if I can help you to realise the sensation oftener by my fiddle, and perhaps you will teach me to know some of your books.’

‘Yes, you shall read Euripides, M. Dorioz. Good night to you, sir,’ and he withdrew his sickly head.

Josquin wondered about the sorrows of

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the ‘incompris’ young abbé, but as he did so he shuddered; there was a something ill-omened about his first meeting with him at the commencement of his new apprenticeship, and he conceived all the more horror of the sentimental, self-anatomising image, because it in a sort of way reflected his own mood. He wondered whether reading Greek tragedies with Paradies would be his chief relaxation at the villa, and whether he might not grow like him. Perhaps it was a wholesome warning to the musician on his entrance into respectable life once more; for he determined, whatever happened, to live up to his and Lisa’s old ideal. He would disdain scorn, he vowed; he would never be sentimental like the doleful Paradies; he would live for joy, and have no vain cravings save after the stirrings of his own dear Art. And as for the divine-browed Cécile, who might at any moment discover him, but who

troubled herself so little about him, he would not vex himself about her. She had once bent on him eyes full of tears, she now was too proud even to recognise the poor Kammermusikus in her uncle's house ; she was a creature made to live for the emotion of the passing minute, bon-bons, a husband, her own songs—or, were nothing else at hand, the sound of the violin. Should he fret himself at the indifference and follies of this impassive lady ?

## CHAPTER VI.

## DOWN IN THE CITY.

THE next morning, with the first light of the dawn, Josquin awoke ; and if it had not been that through his open window came the reassuring chirrup of the sparrows, and that all the mystery of night was dispelled, he would have been a good deal startled at seeing his patron at the foot of his bed, dignified though dishevelled in the costume which he had worn the evening before ; he had a large piece of music-paper in his hand. The young man started up on his bed. ‘ What is there I can do for your Excellency ? ’ But the Count reassured him with a wave of his hand :

'I have had one of my restless nights, Dorioz ; composition kept me awake and at the same time was a relief to my brain. Would you be complaisant enough to play with me at once the duett I have been writing ? I will wait in your sitting-room till you are ready. You see,' he said, as he turned to the door, ' David is not summoned to go to Saul, but poor Saul comes to his David.'

But when Josquin came out of his dressing-room a few minutes afterwards, he did not think his patron appeared like the moody tyrant, as he looked up smiling from the table at which he sate, calmly correcting his manuscript. ' This is a pleasant room for working in, is it not, Dorioz ? in my part of the house I fear to wake my mother too early, and the music-room is bare for two people alone. I shall often come and visit you here.'

Josquin brought out his violin, and the

Count sat down to the harpsichord ; but as they began their duett in the light of the rising sun which illumined all the plain and made the windows of the windmills and houses flash on the outskirts of the far-off town, Josquin nearly burst out laughing as he heard a loud groan from the adjoining apartment on the other side, where the slumbering Paradies was no doubt aroused by the unwonted sounds. But regardless of his neighbourhood, the Count serenely played on ; and he and the violinist discussed and made music pleasantly enough for two hours, and then his Excellency said he would go and lie down ; begging the chamber-musician to remember, that if he left him to himself for the whole middle of the day, it was that he expected him never to pass a day without six hours of practice.

Many an evening and morning such as these Josquin's first times at the villa began to

follow each other, in monotonous succession ; and the days flew rapidly ; far more so than they had done at the dear Klosterhaus, it seemed to him ; for somehow there was an unreality in the life he entered upon ; and the hours seemed to pass as in a dream, indistinctly. Once in the week only he was to go into the town to show his compositions to the Capellmeister ; he was always to be ready to play in private to the dowager lady, and to practise with the Count, besides performing in the music-room on music nights, and in all concerts and receptions. Then there were expected of him original compositions for every occasion according to the Count's fantastic programme — water-musics, impromptus, small performances in the theatre — surely here was his work cut out for him in a way calculated to keep a well-regulated Tonkünstler from dreaming. But at twenty what will shut out the vague longings from

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one eager for life's experiences of delight ? Was it not somewhat a hard beginning for our Josquin, this life of service to princes ? to have the dance of life going on all around him, and no one to think of the musician who must make joy and be serious ; give sensation, and not think of sharing the intoxication ? his case was peculiar. His patron always held up to him an ideal personage as his conception of his true character, and it was rather hard to have to live up to an eccentric Count's ideal. All in the pleasant weather, the gay world came flocking out to the villa : there were comings and goings, riding-parties and water-parties and dancing ; and of all these joys only the echoes reached the young musician in his solitude, working to minister to them. It seemed to Josquin that he had no identity at the villa ; he could not help longing for some personal share in the life there. The young lady of the house remained far off,

absorbed in her pleasures, and it was hard, spite of his determination to work and not dream, to shut out the wandering desires. Often would the warm summer breaths come up into his room while he played, and he would find himself expressing, in the divine language that it was given him to possess, all the secrets of his want and pain. He could not have put them into words, but he could, when the evenings came round for music in the hall, appear with his sighing measures and passionate renderings learnt in his solitude, and pour forth his secret longings unbetrayed. And then the scornful Cécile would sit surrounded by her adorers, and let his violin utter its pleadings without the smallest heed or interest.

And while Cécile asked nothing of him, the dowager, on the contrary, was exorbitant in her demands on the young man's time; she was always pouring into his ears

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her reminiscences of fifty years back, and summoning him to play to her ; and as for his Excellency, his niece might be frivolous, and his musician might be suffering under her indifference ; nothing could disturb his serenity except the difficulties of quartett-writing. The genius of his new Kammer-musikus enchanted him, and he would let his whole household, and the world beyond it, go on its way, while working in a remote corner of the house with the young composer.

And yet while cramped and fettered and kicking against the pricks of his new circumstances, some power from within was at work to keep Josquin sober at his post in the months that followed ; he was yet finding new elements of life, expansion under new influences ; and it was because the inner life was strengthening that he was able to renounce the excitement from without, that

had always seemed necessary to him. There was one element of happiness for him that he owed to Paradies—one outlet—in the treasures of his books he found it. In the readings that he himself had proposed to the secretary, there was found an influence to bind together the fresh untutored imagination of the musician and the trained mind of the priest.

They read together, and Josquin would sit fascinated while the pale secretary construed with sustained voice some Greek tragedy to him, and as the dim images rose before Josquin, there was always one face for Iphigenia, Alcestis, Antigone, that would come and blend with them, making the several conceptions more living and real than fancy could have shaped them.

One day Paradies watched him dreaming on after their reading, with eyes towards the town ; he half envied Josquin's growing popularity and his bright independence, and in his

distrustful way, unworthy of the sympathetic nature which yet refused to join in his sentimental complainings, Paradies said to himself, ‘No wonder that Dorioz keeps his heart free and light up here, for he has some secret interest in the town.’ It was an unworthy suspicion of Josquin’s frankness; for the latter was just musing whether he might not interest his sad companion in Lisa, whose face recalled the Greek tragic mask. When he proposed shortly after to take Paradies to the Klosterhaus, the Abbé betrayed no interest, but in his heart he was delighted. ‘Did you say she reminded you of Euripides, M. Dorioz?’

‘Yes; come and be introduced to Alcestis,’ replied Josquin, laughing.

So one day they walked into Dresden, and Josquin brought his morbid friend to the Klosterhaus. But when he introduced him, he was amused to observe the slightly disap-

pointed look with which Paradies met Nodin's jovial greeting, and Elisabetha's warm and eager welcome. Her mouth was as usual grave, but her eyes were lit up with pleasure as she received Josquin in delight; the presence of a stranger, however, made her retire shyly into herself.

But Nodin was in great excitement: he abstractedly asked his visitors a polite question or two about their health, their walk, their welfare at the villa, and then burst into the subject all-absorbing to him. Elisabetha had just received an official request from his Excellency Count von Plauen to sing after Easter next at the opera, and to make her *début* in the most gratifying way possible at the Court theatre, in a prominent part. 'I was just saying, my dear M. Dorioz, that if you were here our happiness would be complete: we *did* want you to sympathise, —didn't we, Lisa?'

‘Yes, that’s right. Bravo !’ said Josquin, much excited by the fulfilment of hopes, which, however, he had never doubted would come true ; and giving Nodin both his hands, he said gaily, ‘ You have deserved it, my good sir ; and it is not every *débutante* that is so fortunate as to have a famous basso buffo to care for her, and watch over her, on to the very boards of the stage.’

‘Yes, Josquin,’ said Lisa ; ‘ but we have built so many castles in the air together, that this seems nothing, does it ? ’

Here Paradies, who had positively winced under the ebullition of spirits displayed by the host, who was now bringing out a bottle and some glasses in a festive manner, put in dolefully, encouraged by Lisa’s serious face : ‘ Ah, no doubt the Fräulein Vaara has too deep a spirit not to feel dread of all the brilliancy her friends can promise her, rather than pleasure in antici-

pation ! the responsibilities, however, of her gifts are so great, that though she would fain live in retirement, she must remember the refining influence of the great singer . . . '

' My good sir, that is what I always say,' said Nodin, uncorking.

' The elevating power of the drama . . .' Paradies went on, as if he were in the pulpit.

' Ah, you take just my view !'

' The need of reform in our degenerate days . . .'

' Sir, you are a scholar and a reverend gentleman,' Nodin interrupted, ' and I am proud and flattered by your appreciation of my views. I assure you, we have here a second Cuzzoni ; you and such as you will appreciate her power, when you feel it. Drink, my dear sir, to her health, and accept my very good wishes for yours ;' and very soon, both talking at once, Nodin and the

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cold-blooded secretary were clinking glasses on most familiar terms.

And meanwhile Josquin stood beside Lisa, who began asking him questions eagerly about his life at the villa. He felt restrained, unhappy, and returned her short answers. Paradies was watching the two out of the corners of his eyes ; the conversation became general on Nodin's part. He entertained them with many anecdotes, and the minutes flew. Josquin had passed the time when he was expected to be back, and with a sigh he rose to go.

'Well, Lisa, I am gladder than I can say to think that we shall see you come out in the winter ; but oh, how I envy you ! As for me, I must go and fiddle for his lordship. Farewell, Elisabetha !'

These were Josquin's parting words, and as he hurried home with his friend, afraid of being late for the music in the hall, where he

was that evening specially wanted, he was almost as silent and melancholy as his companion.

‘Your friend seemed to be frightened by my very person, M. Dorioz,’ at last said Paradies, his voice droning from out the twilight: ‘how will she bear the life of the theatre?’

‘You are right, Paradies, in wondering. What would you say if you heard that half-tamed thing pour out her voice unfalteringly in the church, with a firmness that many a prima donna would envy!’

‘How strange, M. Dorioz! and does your serious friend know the religious life, think you? she has no . . . scruples?’

‘Why, Paradies, I believe that all she knows of God and His praise are the divine psalms of Durante, Marcello, and Palestrina, which it is her delight to sing. Oh, if you could hear her voice hymn them forth in the

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church—heavenly ! That is just why she is not afraid. Her art is her religion, Paradies.'

Then they were silent again, and the twilight deepened. Josquin was right : when Lisa sang she was as unconscious as a cathedral acolyte serving before the altar. Under other circumstances, this fervent soul would have dreamt a 'vocation.' She would have been satisfied with none but the summits of prayer and self-sacrifice ; this child was of the stuff that martyrs are made of. But the little street ballad-singer, full of some wild northern poetry, had never had her imagination fired with any but the inspirations of art. Her first recollections were song, and now, under Hasse's training, and with constantly hearing the greatest singers of the day, she had become a real artist, keenly sensible of the true and the false therein. It was a high sense of duty she had acquired towards the public, to whom

she would merely be the interpreter of music, and she came to her public life without fear.

As Josquin approached the villa, he was still contrasting his own trivial life with Lisa's straight bright course, her larger public, her direct simple aims : the house looked like some soft enchanted palace, standing in the midst of its orange trees and sleeping gardens ; light and delicious harmony came, stealing doubtfully while they were yet far off, through the evening warm stillness. The musician was not reconciled by all this loveliness ; but be patient, Josquin ! Your time is coming, and you will cease to envy your sister's vocation down in the city ; life, and personal share in it, will be for you, and you will become contented with life at the villa.

## CHAPTER VII.

## UP AT THE VILLA.

‘WHAT has retarded you so much, Dorioz?’ said a suave voice, greeting the two young men as they approached from one of the windows of the gallery. It was the Count himself, who was standing there mild and reproachful.

‘We have had the agreeable surprise of an afternoon’s visit from the young Prince Valentin,’ he said; ‘a fine musical amateur, and by very good chance Fräulein von Lichtenberg has been in voice. We have had much singing, but our guest is leaving us. You come too late to help us;’ and Josquin saw a horse and rider starting from the door, sur-

rounded by a group of ladies ; he might wish to be scornful, but he felt a pang of disappointment.

‘ You know, Dorioz,’ the Count went on, laying his hand on his musician’s shoulder, and drawing him into the gallery, where he began pacing up and down, ‘ the rarity of my niece’s musical moments is a lasting regret with me ; she has such wonderful taste, that I cannot pretend to think her excuses always real ; but my rule, you know, in life is, to force nothing from others against their will. Without spontaneity nothing can be good, nothing beautiful ; and when she sings as she did to-day, I feel that it is worth all her caprices to get such moments of delicious inspiration. See, all the ladies are returning—come, Dorioz, you and I will go to our violins.’

Josquin could not reply for irritation ; but this ill-humour was good : it showed

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that he was yet deeply interested in something at the villa—may not a tender curiosity be a healthy sign of life? Anyhow it helped Josquin that evening to resolve to throw himself into his life at the villa. There, where the lights of Dresden twinkled in the plain, a kind sister heart, he knew, beat in unison with his; but he should best follow her ideal, he told himself, by leading an undivided life where his fate had led him.

Just before they retired for the night, Paradies broke his reverie: 'I don't know about her being like the Greek mask, but I think I could compose a play for your gold-haired friend, M. Dorioz.'

'Yes, and I will set it to music,' replied Josquin.

The very next evening, Fräulein von Lichtenberg appeared in the music-hall, beautifully resplendent in pearls and sky blue, no longer nonchalante and dreamy in

her faded rose-leaf muslin : by that change of costume, the spell seemed to be broken which had kept the whole household dull, spite of all its brilliant entertainments through the summer. The Dowager lady was a little less in the ascendant, the Count more brisk and less distracted, the visitors less hopelessly adoring.

' My dear uncle, do put away the quartets for this evening,' she said ; ' let us find some new part-songs, M. Dorioz.' And as they turned over the music, and his Excellency was out of hearing, she said to him suddenly, ' Ah, M. Dorioz ; don't you find sometimes that the enthusiasm of another stifles your own ? When his Excellency raves about things, I feel that they say *nothing* to me ! and what am I to do then ? But to-night I am musical. Will you try over this duet with me ? I have promised to learn it for his Highness's return to-morrow.'

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Almost the only words she had spoken to him since his first coming to the villa ! Now for the first time she sang to his accompaniment. As the high treble voice rose with his, Josquin recalled the first day that he had heard that delicious music, filled with he knew not what charm and expressiveness. He remembered with a thrill that the eyes of the singer had once been bent on him full of tears : Cécile to him had been a mystery. Those eyes so full of dreams, that calm divine brow could not have belonged to a common-place mind. Her soul, he had declared to himself, was asleep ; it would awaken—and often without one, even when impassive, she gave forth more sweetness than a winged angel. And now something seemed to have moved her into life ; and so great is the power of beauty—Josquin and all the household seemed to feel that the sun in the heavens was shining out on them.

In truth, Cécile was a creature of the age, of the world around her: she had nothing but her beauty that was not instilled into her by the traditions of her girlhood: she belonged wholly to the pleasure-seeking frivolity of her time, and yet she was just this much—a woman, full of the woman sentiment. Without love and admiration, even her beauty faded; when she could not be excited to admire in return, there was no pleasure for her in flirtation. And when thus much soul can be discerned beneath the complications of a lady's corselet, her ribbons and her laces—is it not something?

And so Josquin indulged his romantic musings. He had formed the resolution to throw himself into his life at the villa, now that intercourse with his girl-friend in the Kloster-haus, which had once been so much to him, he found more and more difficult, and he unconsciously gave way to

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sentiment. Was it not natural that, cut off from all other sympathy, he looked for it from those about him? that he dwelt with pleasure on the little speech Cécile had made him?—*he* had good cause to understand that she suffered and felt hard under the influence of her uncle's vagaries and sentimental infatuations. The days passed; the young prince came and went from the villa; the villa's lady was piqued and excited into animation—and the chamber-musician worked in his remote corner to inspire her with emotion.

But it was rather a hard test to which Josquin's feelings were to be put, in order to bring out the sentiment of Fräulein von Lichtenberg; and the test spoke directly to his artist-pride. The Count had been constructing a small theatre, indispensable to his views of life at the villa, and it had just been completed. Josquin was to compose an

operetta to inaugurate it—his patron had unbounded belief in his genius as a composer—the question was, what libretto to choose for the occasion ?

Now ever since his visit to the Kloster-haus, Paradies had been working at a libretto to which Josquin often thought of writing music ; it was the work inspired by the abbé's first visit to the Kloster-haus. Since then indeed he had become Josquin's chief link with Lisa ; he would come back enchanted with the kind reception he received, but something told Josquin that it was for the sake of his friend up at the villa that Paradies was so welcome down in the town. The musician's heart leapt up at this idea of an opera, for perhaps now Lisa would come and work with him at the villa ; and he confided to the Count about the secretary's libretto. Lichtenberg was charmed, begged the young men to work hard in the next fort-

night, and left Josquin all the leisure he could to compose.

‘Do you think that perhaps our Iphigenia will sing in it?’ Paradies asked with great interest.

‘Who shall say what the Count will suggest at the last?’ Josquin answered, raising his shoulders; and he was right to build no hopes. When the work was finished, and he brought it to his patron, Count Lichtenberg said, before looking at it, that he had resolved to inspire in his niece more desire to put forth her talents, and that he thought it would be a good opportunity of drawing her out to make her sing the first part with the great amateurs he intended to have at his house. He himself would take a part, and the young Prince Valentin would sing the tenor.

Now, whatever hope Josquin’s romantic feelings gave him of the beautiful Cécile’s

soul, his heart sank at having to hand over to her the music he had laboured at so carefully. The artist in him overcame all that the youth might have felt, and rebelled at the idea of having his careful work trifled with by fine gentlemen and a lady, who, he knew, would be quite absorbed in their own flirtations. The colour rose to his cheek, and he said naïvely to the Count : ‘If your Excellency had only told me sooner, I should have taken less pains !’

But it was now almost aggravating that the enthusiastic patron received everything he said in the peculiar light of his infatuation : ‘Ah, I like to see my artist colour ! You are as vain as all the rest, Josquin ; you think dilettantes can do nothing. At your age it is very well, but remember that art will soon be the profession of *all* ; that we shall only have amateurs, and will dispense with you artists, in the golden days when each one follows his

bent and inclination! My niece shall be put on her mettle by your words, Dorioz; but I assure you she is keen over my project;’ and then he praised the composition as he glanced at it.

Josquin felt thoroughly cross and out of tune, so much that he paid no heed to the Count’s threat of reporting his speech to Cécile. He only begged for leave to go and show the end of his finished work to the Capellmeister; and leaving the first two acts for the perusal of the soprano, he escaped with the rest of the unhappy operetta under his arm, longing to get sympathy in his indignation from his friends in the city.

Hasse commended his work, and Faustina laughed and condoled:

‘ You should have heard,’ she said, ‘ the recriminations of my poor friend C—— thirty years ago in Vienna, when his best work was

brought out by the Court, nobody singing in it under the rank of great-duke! The queen, Maria Theresa herself, often made it her boast to me that she had first sung in the part in which I was afterwards so famous! At the time, how well I remember my poor friend the composer's groans over the difficulty of writing for such dilettantes!'

Josquin had returned not much sweeter in temper, though comforted by friendship, and was preparing to come before the Countess Dowager to play to her (which he indeed enjoyed when in a happy frame of mind, for though egoistical and too historical for an ardent Kammer Musikus of twenty, the stately lady was as good a listener as he could have wished), when the appearance of a messenger with a note, put the Dowager lady clean out of the young man's mind. It was from Fräulein von Lichtenberg, bidding him at once come to her apartment; and, the

servant added, it was pressing, because twice in Josquin's absence the message had been sent.

' You shall show me the way in an instant,' said Josquin, hastily giving himself a brush before the glass. ' This is just what I have to expect for the next month, I suppose ; ' but there would not have been the same excitement in his step if he had been betaking himself to the Countess Dowager. The servant led him to the western end of the house, where was the small apple-tree garden and bay-window, and Josquin was introduced into the very panelled room he had looked into on the day of his first coming to the villa.

Fräulein von Lichtenberg was seated at the clavecin ; before her was the written score of her part, and as she turned at Josquin's entrance, he saw a flush on her cheek and disturbance on her brow that did not speak

promisingly for the *première's* good will towards her part. From the further end of the room advanced the young lady's companion or governess. Fräulein Cécile, she said, had sent for Monsieur Dorioz to explain to her the music of her part : she had been trying it over and found difficulties in making it out. This lady was a Frenchwoman, and spoke in that tongue, and Josquin replied in the same with a perfection that seemed to surprise her. ‘He had anticipated some difficulty,’ he answered coldly; ‘for his Excellency, not having told him beforehand that the part was for Fräulein von Lichtenberg, he thought it would probably want some modification.’

But Cécile rose impatiently from the harpsichord : ‘M. Dorioz, you will play me that at once, if you please,’ she said imperiously: ‘I don’t know how the singer you were writing for would interpret your ideas to the public. My uncle thinks much

of this music, I know—pour moi, cela ne me dit rien—rien !'

'Madam,' he answered, 'I am sorry that my music so entirely fails to please you. My interpretation of it would be as much a thing of myself as the work itself, and I fear you would like it only less if I were to render my ideas to you myself: I shall be happy to alter what I have written for you, but to play it to you would be loss of my time and of yours.'

'What arrogance, sir!' she exclaimed. 'Have I not a right to demand the composer to unfold his own idea from the obscurities with which he has veiled it ?'

'Madam, I am not arrogant; I am too much discontented with the work which has found so little favour in your eyes to be even a little vain; but have I not the right to act as one who has taken pains about his work, and who has given his best? You are now

out of all patience with my music and with me. Will you expect me under those circumstances to be able to play to you ?'

While he spoke, Josquin saw that she was taken by surprise, but he went on firmly : ' My time is short this afternoon, I regret to say ; I must join her Excellency, the Countess Dowager, who expects me. Before I go, will you honour me by pointing out anything I can explain ? There is one passage which at once I would like to alter, with your permission ; ' and he drew out his pencil and began in a business-like manner to alter the written score. All the time he worked, Fräulein von Lichtenberg restlessly moved about the room. Suddenly Josquin lifted up his head from the large MS. score—she had stood still, facing him, and he surprised her gazing at him full ; the colour of her eyes seemed heightened as they were searchingly bent on him, half in scorn, half in surprise, and the

colour mounted high in her cheek. Josquin felt his courage and calmness forsake him all at once, so radiantly beautiful the young girl looked in the anger that he had raised : only the blush on her cheek made him humble.

‘ Madam, I keep you too long. I fear I am troublesome with my author’s sensitiveness : but we are by circumstances ordered to work together for awhile. Can we not avoid any but what will be pleasant recollections ? My work, obscure and uninteresting as it appears to you, you should feel needs all the more the help of your grace and intelligence. Will you not give them to me as allies ? I must repeat again, that I did not know for whom I was composing when I wrote this ; I had formed my idea differently had I known, but I am ready now to do my best for you. Will not you deign to do your best for a helpless composer ?’

The voice that uttered these words was

sweet and earnest, the speaker was indeed full of charm, suddenly scintillating from his first dignity into an eagerness that was almost naïf, and Cécile felt it.

She was a woman and Josquin was full of charm, and she suddenly chose to forget that she had sent for him in anger ; she gradually softened as he began to point out to her the alterations he had made, and then she sang very delicately. In a moment he recognised that her singing had as much distinction in it as everything else that belonged to her—he was at her feet : but he had not played a note to her alone !

As he spoke of going, she said : ‘ Monsieur Dorioz, I must have you play it before you leave . . .’ and Josquin might weakly have relented, but at the moment a servant entered with a message . . . the Countess Dowager was waiting !

As if in spite of herself, Cécile exclaimed

impatiently, ‘Ah, that is always the way with grandmamma;’ and then she seemed ashamed of having shown vexation; she bid him good-night with serene brow and languid eyelids, in which, it sometimes seemed to Josquin, lay most of the expression of her face. But he had seen her betrayal of herself, and he was touched by her childlike forgetting of dignity.

When he was gone, the French lady gouvernante burst out :

‘But how distinguished he is ! how dignified, how charming !’ and Cécile was saying, ‘I wonder how long grandmamma intends to monopolise everybody who comes near the house. Does she expect M. Dorioz to compose madrigals for her on the strength of her wonderful ears and the beauty of a hundred years ago ?’

‘Hush ! remember yourself, Cécile,’ said the decorous gouvernante ; but neither

she suggested, nor Cécile remembered, that it was the Dowager, and not the young lady of the house, who had first discovered the charms of the new chamber-musician. Not that night Josquin sat up till morning, re-writing and arranging for Fräulein von Lichtenberg the part he had written for Elisabetha. The eyes of the beautiful and imperious Cécile shone in his lonely room; if on the next day his work was approved and said to suit the lady to perfection, was it any wonder when it had been directly inspired by her charms? and in the days that followed, when he was more and more praised and made much of, was it any wonder that the musician no longer felt inclined to quarrel with the performance of amateurs? He ceased to dream at his window when the lights of Dresden shone out in the plain; he gave himself up to pleasing those about him. He did not fail soon to draw a rebuke

from Paradies for his frivolity ; but what was the young composer to do ? He was sent for at every hour of the day, to accompany, to teach, to rehearse.

In the beautiful September mornings, when the sunlight fell into the great music-hall on dancing marbles, wondrous landscapes from Holland, precious stuffs, and flashing majolica wares ; when the windows opened on to all the gay buzz and beauty of the gardens ; when the butterflies chased each other among the hollyhocks, and the dahlias flaunted in rows, the little band would sit for hours at the harpsichord, singing and studying the music Josquin had written for them. There would be the young composer leading, modest and firm ; there the handsome prince-tenor, shouting with head in the air, altos and basses circling round, Cécile, softened and exquisite, singing her part with a will. Amongst them all, the Count, thrumming away at his violoncello, kind and ecstatic.

Alas for such an unpractical Excellency ! Even while he thrums and prepares all for a gay music-meeting in his soft Boccaccio gardens, a terrible cry of war is coming over the harvest-fields . . . an army advancing within a few leagues of the hapless city of Art ! But the *Reichs-Armee* will never brave the great Frederick and bombard his prize city ! Frederick must arrive in time ! Everybody is hoping ; the governor is sending constant messages, the population is in tremors, but nothing can make Count Lichtenberg see the realities that surround his ideal world !

And, meanwhile, such delicious Boccaccio mornings were reconciling Josquin to his life of bondage, and he too swam with the stream, loth to turn to realise coming troubles. Was it any wonder when, at every moment, he was receiving new signs of Cécile's awakened

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interest? Sometimes Josquin would start at meeting her eyes during the rehearsals, gazing at him with a subtle and half-involuntary curiosity and fascination. Her mood was adorable; she was dreamy, absent with the Prince, responsive, tractable with the young music master. And Josquin was her servant by his position, she coloured his life by her beauty, he composed under the inspiration of her loveliness; and all this went to make his sentiment for her the most delicate feeling, full of romance, tenderness, and humility.

At last, however, the inhabitants of the villa, spending their morning in such bright fashion as usual, were disturbed by that cry of war coming over the harvest-fields—the army was within a few miles of the villa—fortifications were begun in the town—all the horrors of a siege preparing for the poor inhabitants, who too well knew the signs of it.

When Count Lichtenberg heard it, he was first stunned and then disgusted—in a few hours he had made all plans for departure. Messengers were running backwards and forwards from the encircled city all that day, which had begun with such delightful harmony up at the villa. Paradies had first broken the terrible news to Josquin, coming back from the Kloster-haus itself. Nodin had been working at the great bridge fortification, Elisabetha was there with the old man. The governor threatened to burn the Neustadt if Daun cannonaded the town; in that case Josquin's friends would be in the greatest danger. He was preparing to start at once for the town, when a message came to him from the Count. Lichtenberg was pale, haggard, and unnerved.

'Josquin, you will not desert me,' he said. The musician imagined that he was going to

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tell him of some frightful sacrifice he must make for the sake of the sorrow and horror all around, but he went on :

‘ In four-and-twenty hours we must be off for my house at the Italian lakes ; will you help me with presence of mind to pack these manuscripts ? ’

‘ Ah, your Excellency, I have friends in the town who are in great danger ; I cannot go and abandon them.’

‘ What, you too, Josquin ; you too are losing your calm ! Ah, I had thought you would stand by me. It is only such as I in the world, Josquin, who contribute to its repose. I entreat you, young man, to follow me. You shall see the world. Dorioz ! will it tempt you if I offer you three times your present salary ? Josquin, for *my* sake come away from your friends in Dresden.’

An hour afterwards Josquin was making his way at full speed to the town—to tell the

beloved ones there that he was going away with the Count—to find out where they would take refuge. He was too late : he was stopped on the way by sentinels, threatened, and turned out by them into the fields, to find his way back to the place whence he came. He could not even get a letter into the besieged town. He came back to find that Cécile had started for Vienna with her gouvernante ; and a few hours afterwards, he formed part of the Count's retinue who went to take up their abode in the South for the winter. He had not said farewell, and he left Elisabetha in a beleaguered city !

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MID-LENT.

A YEAR and six months have passed away; it is Mid-Lent in Vienna, the day which the Church and the world have ordained to break in on the silence of Lent, with the echoes of the past season and the wild Carnival that ended it; and Vienna, the gay and careless, is one scene of frantic pleasure-seeking.

In the month of March the sunshine gets a new colour, and spite of rough rains and winds, the anemones begin to show their pale heads, and dwellers in the city, who do not

see the bare trees, dream that winter is over,  
and look for the return of roses and broad  
chestnut shades in their public gardens.

Meanwhile, under his cap and bells, Folly still shivers while he laughs and capers, and all the people are turned out to greet him in the streets. When the night comes, the dancing will be prolonged by all the ardour inspired by the approaching close of festivities; a zest that remains from the sharp contrasts of mediæval days—Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we fast.

And it is here in Vienna, in its crowded streets, that Mid-Lent day, that we must find Josquin again, after his long wanderings in the service of Count Lichtenberg. Folly has gained him also, as his votary, the reader will say, for he will remember that in returning to Vienna Josquin was running the risk of meeting his family again—entering the very camp of the Philistines. And

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it is indeed not without many heart-searchings that the musician has followed his patron here; it is almost the first time since his arrival that he has ventured out into the fashionable part of the town.

Eighteen months of new experience has Josquin had since he left Dresden—of good work, of new beautiful influences, of Italy, of Art. His patron has given him all these; he has overwhelmed him with kindness and new interest: when the young man has mentioned his doubts about following him to Vienna, he has offered him a better position and footing in his service there, and implored him not to leave. Against all this Josquin has been weak to struggle; there had been little to tempt an artist back to poor bombarded Dresden, and how was he to begin over again anywhere else? Besides, Josquin had argued to himself, there was little chance of his being recognised im-

mediately by society, and he could well keep out of his family's way in the obscure position he held ; for though developed since we left him, he was yet but the obscure fiddler longing for more personal share in the life he saw around him. Was he not changed ? he asked himself ; was there really much likelihood of the poor chamber-musician being recognised ? and if he were, would not the Count sympathise with him against his family ?

Thus he had argued ; but still, so great was his horror of the old haunts, engraved, by a strong acid as it were, upon his memory, that he had scarcely stirred out since he came to Vienna. Josquin might not have led a perfectly sober life all these months of wandering, but in his first weeks at Vienna he had returned to all his old Dresden ways ; and he had fed such high romance, remained on such heights of

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feeling! To-day, as he sat as usual at work, the March sun, which encourages the anemones and the pleasure-seekers, came flooding into his room; the spirit of Carnival entered into him, and he threw down his music and his work, and rushed out, seeking he knew not what—some new experience, some joy of living! He felt that he must have his fling, if only a dance in the public gardens. Poor Josquin! with all this festive feeling at heart, it was only subjective; that evening he had to look forward to no other end to his Carnival than the leading of the Count's musicians in the gallery, while the Count's guests danced below.

It was a new fancy of his Excellency to have the most refined music for his ball-room. This was the first reception that he gave since his arrival in Vienna, and at the ball that night, Josquin expected to see the beautiful

Cécile again, for the first time since the days of the operetta. He now occupied rooms away from the great house—was less immediately brought into contact with his patron's household. With some bitterness, indeed, the musician had thought that he should only meet the beautiful niece again when she would be dancing to his piping, unconscious of his presence, far away from him, as in the old days. ‘But, away with sentimentalising for the present,’ Josquin had thought, as he emerged from the house into the street; ‘for her partners to-night, for me this afternoon;’ and with heart lighter for the sunshine, he went to seek a friend he had at the other end of the town.

As Josquin Dorioz threaded his way through the shouting crowd and gay masks, the girls turned back and looked at him—truly it was a figure and face to be remembered. You would have given him more than

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his years now, for there were new-born lines about his mouth both grave and sweet ; it was the mouth that we see often in him whose work is an infinite interpretation, a vague aspiration, and the lines told more of the inner life of our artist than he could himself. But the eyes were keen as ever, there was the same joyous vitality expressed in his movements, in his wiry supple frame, as in the days when he used to rejoice his nurse Sylvie's heart.

Josquin suddenly began to hurry his footsteps ; he was on the very spot where years before he had run away from Aunt Brigitta. Following the stream of the crowd, he arrived at the market-place, where the masks congregated for the amusement of loungers and spectators in the balconies. What does Josquin look for instinctively in every carriage that passes him, every window where there are ladies ? what fair face is it that

alone he desires ? what is this remains of sentiment half-unconsciously nourished in our musician's breast ? It would be difficult to say how much the thought of meeting Cécile von Lichtenberg had influenced the decision that made him remain near his patron. Eighteen months ago he had been torn away from her with something of a passionate admiration, but those days at the villa had left only a tender recollection of her whose mere beauty had then instilled new life into him. The thought of her excited him only now when there was likelihood of his seeing her again passing him by in the street. In a balcony on the market-place, there was, attracting the notice of all gazers, a bunch of smiling, fresh, girl faces, and Josquin, forgetting caution, stood staring up in the middle of the square, thinking perhaps to discover among them the long almond-shaped eyes, the gentle smile—it was but for a

moment, but in that moment he had been recognised. He was turning away when a hand was put upon his shoulder; and starting, Josquin beheld a young man, well-dressed and good-looking, much of his own height and figure, looking at him with an amused expression, while waiting for recognition. He was bewildered a minute, then exclaimed: ‘My cousin Charles!’

‘Josquin! what a rencontre! what have you been doing all these years? Ye powers, what hair! I recognised you through it from up there, and immediately left the goddesses to pursue my vanished mad cousin. You know I always called you mad. But how goes the music?’

Josquin thought to himself that this gentleman’s own dress and appearance did not testify to any very great sobriety of mind: but he was horribly perturbed by his cousin’s recognition. ‘Indeed, I am not dressed, nor in any way prepared to meet with my family. To tell you

the truth, I am rather alarmed at meeting you.. For heaven's sake, Charles, don't let my uncle know about me, or my Aunt Agatha !'

' No, no, dreamer, you can make yourself easy ; they are none of them in Vienna. By good luck, they are all at the country house. I am alone in the Kärthner Strasse, and you know you can trust me. I always kept your secrets, and have ever had artistic sentiment myself.'

' Are you sure that none of my people were up there with you just now ?' Josquin said.

' Not anybody so dull. I assure you, Josquin, 'tis the daintiest company in the world, I left up there to come after you ; and you only looked scared at me. Come, you can trust me to your secret, if you have one —what are you doing here ?—how have you been getting on ?' and it was in vain that Josquin tried to get away. His cousin swore such secrecy, and was so good-humoured

that he at last gave him an account of his time in Dresden, and of the position he now held with his patron.

Charles was amazed ; he was the nephew of Count Lichtenberg, by his mother ; he was going to the ball at his house that night. ‘What ! hired to my mad uncle—treated as a mere fiddler—you, Josquin, with your face and talents. Well, you are in luck that my mother is not in Vienna. Fancy old Lichtenberg knowing nothing about you ! and so this is the life you left us all for !’

‘A very good time I have had ever since, I assure you, Charles. This is but for a time ; soon I shall be free ; but I can now work without fear of starving.’

‘And, meantime, what fun do you have ? By the bye, my handsome cousin Cécile must have been at Dresden with you. Why, Josquin !’ he said, stopping still with astonishment in the street, and bursting out laughing,



'it was she herself whom we both adored. Don't you remember my brutal behaviour, and your rage, and how between us your Cremona was carried off? My poor fellow, I must make up to you for that some day! But I begin to see now; tell me—of course you are in love with her still, and this infatuation of yours for the office of chamber-musician is no longer to be wondered at—'

'Indeed,' said Josquin, laughing, 'she did not speak to me for six months after I was in the house.'

'What! the little demon! and did you submit, Josquin?'

'What should it matter to me?' said the other a little sadly; 'Music is my mistress, Charles, and ever shall be my only one!'

'So, so! ever the same! My dear fellow, it is all very well to talk in that way, but I daresay you will introduce me to a score at least of daughters of song, here and at

Dresden—to no end of your artistic friends. In return, let me do something to help your position with the Lichtenbergs; can't I let them know about you ?'

'For heaven's sake,' said Josquin, 'do nothing of the kind. It would be folly to let it be known that I am a nephew of the Gaspareins; my family would be down on me again. They only leave me alone because nobody knows about me. I have been a fool to come out here; but remember your promise, Charles, and keep my secret. I assure you I am perfectly contented.'

'My dear fellow, you can trust me; I won't do anything to put hindrances in the way of your career. I only thought you looked a little dull, and suggested bringing you a little into society. To think of you fiddling with the musicians to-night while I am dancing down below!—you, Josquin, with your face and figure ! *c'est plus fort que moi !*'

Josquin had told him this part of his business, and Charles, at last, was so amazed at the unusual character in which his newly-found cousin appeared to him, that he could only walk along by his side in silence, staring at him every now and then, and exclaiming : ‘What a madman ! what a dreamer ! but what a charming air he has, though !’ But suddenly the delights he had left in the balcony returned to his remembrance. ‘Well, look here, Josquin : let me come and see you, old fellow. I swear profoundest secrecy ; I quite understand all your desire to go on with your career now you are started ; I passionately adore music, too—so you can trust me. Farewell !’

Mr. Charles von Gasparein was a young man with some pretension to culture and universality of ideas. Josquin remembered him a good-natured conceited boy, who never wanted any better recreation than the drive

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or promenade which had made his own life such a burden as a little boy ; he used to like joining in the conversation in the great red saloon where the aunts perpetually received visitors. Charles had always looked upon Josquin as a very good joke, and 'perfectly mad,' as boys will say of anybody not exactly like themselves. Since those days, however, he had learnt to look upon things in a different way ; he had travelled, and picked up new notions, not sufficiently to fertilise his mind to the point of having independent ideas, but enough to fill him with contempt for the dull and narrow education of his home-life, from which Josquin's more original mind had long ago emancipated itself. In society, for instance, he saw that it was the privilege of the noblest born to patronise art and talent, and to borrow radiance from the genius and originality of all choice minds. He despised the com-

mon-placeness of his own people, who so carefully guarded their respectability against any charge of bohemianism. Charles had long dreamt it his vocation to give a splendour to his name and fortune by imitating great princes in their patronage of Art and Literature; he also had a great capacity for the getting of enjoyment, and he had often thought that to leave out the society of artists was to waste a great fund of amusement. Now the meeting with his strange cousin delighted him, though it went through his mind as he walked by his side that, without frightening him away by any sudden action, he must gradually draw him from the position he now held.

After his cousin had left him, and Josquin had pursued his way to the gardens, he did not know whether, on the whole, to be annoyed at meeting him. The relief of knowing that his uncle and aunts were not in Vienna was

so great, that he felt himself breathing more freely, and Charles seemed so good-humoured, and was so agreeable and gentlemanly, he felt inclined to trust him. And so his present position struck his cousin as very peculiar! Josquin had never, all these years, thought of himself as a gentleman. A defiant merry spirit now took hold of him. The Viennese girls were not so handsome as the Italian, but how well in time they danced! Did Charles's young ladies up in the balcony know how to foot it in that fashion? Josquin was looking on and listening, with a crowd, to a Hungarian band, playing national airs with a sort of barbaric fury, while the people danced in the gardens below; lights were being lit among the trees; people were looking on and drinking beer. Josquin flung himself into the ring, and forgot everything in the pleasure of motion and music for a few minutes.

But soon he had enough, and no longer

feeling inclined to go and find his friend, and musing on the dangers of having met his cousin, Josquin returned, with a craving after carnival unsatisfied. The end of his day would not be brilliant, but still, as the hour for the happy drew near, his heart, too, beat with a sort of expectation. That day Josquin jingled his cap and bells unwittingly, like the rest of the world; but not in meetings with his relations, nor from any outward circumstances, lay the dangers of folly for him, but in his own impressionable spirit.

When he reached the great house, ready for its splendid entertainment, he had to hurry through coaches, chairs, foot-runners, and men carrying torches, making the street all bright, and was only just in time to open the music. Instead of going in, like the rest of the world, from the hall to the ball-room, he had to escape up a secret staircase that led to the musicians' gallery, and grope

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his way till he pushed open the little door at the top. Then he found himself in a blaze of light, among the chandeliers. The fiddlers were waiting, the guests below pouring in ; and, dazzled by the flood of light, Josquin began playing and leading the opening measure. Let the reader think of any minuet inspired by the century, and bring before him the dignified company stepping in to the stately ball-room ; let him imagine, too, the high musicians' gallery hung with draperies, the fiddles and hautboys, and the majestic trombone, and their young leader looking down upon the scene of pleasure, no sparrow in the roof of kings' houses more lonely.

At first Josquin played mechanically, but having to lead, he soon felt that he had a responsibility in moving the crowds below, and his blood began to warm to the measure. A dignified society it was, but also as

frivolous, and pleasure-seeking as you could wish ; and though the days had not come for the more romantic valse, the votaries of the 'Menuet gothique' could be inspired, too, with the poetry of the ball-room, with all the intoxicating secrets of music and motion. There was something piquant in the fantastic licence, the familiar *tutoiement*, the frantic seeking after pleasure proper to the costume, to the season of the ball. All its sentiment, as it were, seemed to come up on the breath of a thousand flowers to the gallery where Josquin sate. He could scarcely keep his limbs quiet as he played the inspiriting tune, for, like all musicians, he was passionately fond of dancing, and his whole frame beat, and he longed to throw away his fiddle and leap down below into the crowd.

This measure was followed by the 'Menuet de la cour ;' a clear space made itself

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in the centre of the great ball-room, the company gathered round, and in the centre, in full shepherdess costume, with crook and ribbons and pink satin petticoat, stood a figure whose beauty would have been too dazzling for a Scudery's insipid Arcadia. It was Cécile. Unmistakeable to poor Josquin was the languid balance of the slight figure, and the dignified long neck, and the little pout of the under lip : in the distance he felt all the beauty of foot, hand, and brow which he scarcely saw. Then what shall describe Cécile dancing the minuet opposite to as elegant a Damon as heart could wish, with all eyes upon her, or the beatings of the young musician's heart as he leads the measure from his remote corner? Ah, it was too hard to pipe to this ravishing Phillida who danced, but not in response ; who obeyed, but all unconsciously, the measure imposed by his violin !

It was over, and Josquin awoke as from a dream, to real life again. He had to lead the music for another hour ; his snuffy crew began to think about beer—pah ! their leader hid his face in his arms on his desk, too deeply depressed to laugh at the comical side of his position. When would this fatal evening come to an end ? he thought ; when he heard a voice, accompanying, with rapid conversation, the noise of stumbling footsteps on the staircase, and in tumbled a man in a domino, rubbing his shins, and Josquin recognised the voice to be his cousin Charles von Gasparein's.

‘ Well, my dreamer, how do you like this bird’s-eye view of life ? I thought I must come and see what it was like up here. Let me tell you, Josquin, your music and musicians are said to be the most wonderful ever heard. Capital idea of the Count’s, but it is too bad of him to make you work so hard. I am

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sure you are as good as any of those dancing down there. Come and refresh yourself by taking a little turn with me. Shall I reveal to you where I am going? To tell you the truth, I have a room in the house to change my dress in. You see, there is no fun like the domino; but I must wear my Spanish costume—I have spent fifty thalers on coins alone for it—and must quit my domino regretfully. I have been mystifying my cousin Cecile,—do come and see my Spanish dress.'

As Charles rattled on, Josquin became anxious about what the players would think of his having a friend who could spend fifty thalers upon coins alone for his dress, and who treated him so confidentially, but it was vain to try and excuse himself; Charles would not be quiet: 'You say you can't leave your band? Nonsense! Gentlemen, I am sure that you will wish your accomplished leader

to take a little rest for an hour or two ; and you will go on quite as well without him, considering how much younger he is than any of you. Meanwhile, I will send you up some supper, which, I have no doubt, will inspirit you to play as if your first violin was still amongst you ; and slipping a gold piece into the hand of the man that came next to Josquin, he half dragged his cousin after him down the dark staircase. Our hero was half annoyed, half diverted, by his cousin's interruption. Charles's lively conversation did not pause for a moment, as he led him to a little room in the remote regions of the house, where a valet awaited him with curling tongs and wax-lights. ‘Now,’ said Charles, shutting the door, and throwing off his black mantle and mask, ‘you are not going to say a word, Josquin, but instantly jump into that domino, and come with me into the ball-room. Not a word will I hear ! you will

be perfect ; a little presence of mind, and rather more of the military line in your back, and you will be taken for me. The domino is the soul of Carnival, the quintessence of sentiment, the finest flavour of flirtation ! You look pale, my cousin : no medicine like a little enjoyment ; you are serious—poetical—all the more suitable for a black domino. Come, not a word, or I betray you to your patron !'

In vain Josquin remonstrated ; his duty to the Count, the suspicions of the fiddlers. 'By the bye,' said Charles to his valet, engaged in adjusting his hair to suit his sixteenth, century dress, 'see that his Excellency's players have a dozen of that best Vöslauer, and say it is from me, for their supper. Josquin, look at me ; do you ever desire to see anything more elegant than these ribbon knots ? and yet, I assure you I prefer the domino for the ball-room.

Come, you shall be taken for me, and all the girls in the room will want to dance with you.' Josquin began to feel as if Charles were speaking in a dream ; his heart beat high ; he felt transformed in his new dress ; his cousin's offer of leading him to the ball-room was truly tempting, and the feeling of perfect security behind his mask made it all the more so. As for the musicians if Charles's supper was not enough to silence them, they would, at all events, fancy that he was only taking a stroll with Charles ; and so, without very much more persuasion from his cousin, Josquin let himself be led down into the great hall where the people entered, and through it to the very door of the dancing-room. There, the Spanish hidalgo all of a sudden left him and plunged into the dance with the first partner he met, leaving the poor domino to stand, quite overcome, by himself. He leant against one of the pillars of the

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vestibule, and taking refuge under its shadow, watched the dancers in the ball-room, now on the same level with himself. It all felt most dream-like ; he had been feeling sleepy before Charles came up to the gallery—was it possible that this was a dream coming to fulfil his waking longings to join the dancers ? He was standing thus, when a voice, fresh and light, said, behind him, in French : ‘ You appear to be pensive this evening, my cousin ; I saw you disappear through that door just now ; where have you been ? I assure you, your mask and your mood make you much more charming than usual. If I were you I would adopt them for ever ; ’ and turning round, Josquin was for a moment face to face with the adorable Phillida, and then saw her pink satin petticoat flitting away into the crowd. With an irresistible movement, he started up and plunged into the ball-room. Like a

black shadow, he now followed the pink satin will-o'-the-wisp on the arm of her partner, and up and down among the dancers was led, she laughing, talking to every passer-by, fanning, flirting, he watching in doorway and corner; till at last, Cécile, thinking it to be her cousin, who wished to make her believe that her speech had been addressed to a stranger, went up mischievously to him: 'Yes, I do assure you, a mask is all you want to make you charming, my cousin.' She felt convinced that it was Charles, from having seen him come through the door which could not have been known to any of the guests of the house; but still the black domino stood watching, immovable. Thus Cécile went through the next dance; but when it was over, she could see him no more, and went on to the balcony that ran the whole length of the ball-room, to breathe the air: the instant

her partner had left her, the importunate domino was by her side.

‘ Ah, cousin, you wish to make me believe it is not you ; but you only tire yourself and me too. Leave me, sir ! you fail to amuse me ! ’ and turning, she went swiftly down the whole length of the balcony and through a French window, the last of the row at the end. Josquin could not help it ; before she had time to shut the window he had followed, and found himself in a small deserted boudoir, face to face with the young girl, glowing, angry, divinely beautiful.

‘ My cousin Charles, this isn’t fair. If it isn’t you, pray, sir, who are you that dare to take advantage of your likeness to my cousin, to whom I speak as to a brother ? ’ She had become confused for a moment in her anger, but now bent upon Josquin that look of mingled severity and scorn that he knew so well. However, the absurdity of

the position kept him from giving himself up to the sentiment of it.

‘Madam, I know that no words can excuse my boldness—’

‘Your name, sir!’ she insisted.

‘Madam, I so little know myself—pardon me, madam—I mean, there have been so many mistakes—my own identity is such a very confused idea to me—that I find it hard to tell you, madam, *who* I am.’

‘This is joking carried too far, sir; I insist upon knowing your name, your calling, your reason for coming through that private door I saw you pass through just now. My father, I know, receives all guests himself.’

‘Ah, madam, you ask me what is my calling, and you upbraid me for an act of folly. What will you say when I tell you my calling is one which has illusion and folly for its worship? Illusion and folly are my

daily bread. Let me this evening speak in parables, and remain unknown to you; only believe that if I have trespassed in following you here, I have done so in all humility.'

'But what do you ask of me, then?' Cécile seemed to be interested in finding the voice not unfamiliar.

'Your hand, madam—for one dance!'

Cécile burst into a fit of laughter.

'And is that all? and do you pursue me half an hour to ask this?'

'Ah, madam, what would you have me do? how could I, a stranger, seek your hand for a dance, surrounded by other men? I could only watch you giving joy and life to all the world. Fate has made me follow you here; and now'—Josquin was quite carried away; he felt certain Cécile must know his voice; she did not look ill-pleased—Ah, Josquin, you are but a baby in simplicity compared with your charmer, for all

her serene and childlike brow. He continued—

‘Now, madam, I am bolder. The crowd is less thick ; see out there, there are the stars beginning to set, and the sky is growing pale. To-morrow will Lent be here ; will you give me the last moments of to-night’s pleasure, and banish anger and distrust ?’

Fräulein von Lichtenberg could scarcely have failed to recognise the tones of the black domino’s voice as those of her young music-master—the agreeable clear tones that had softened her in that other scene of anger at the villa a year before. He still spoke in French, as was the custom of the masked ball, and there was a peculiar refinement and charm in his perfect accent. Whether she knew Josquin or not, she did not seem to be reluctant : ‘On this condition, then, sir,’ she said, before taking the hand he offered her ; ‘that before the week is over,

you present yourself in your true character before me and my uncle. On your word, will you promise ?'

'On my word, as a man of honour,' said Josquin, reckless ; 'give me some token that I can present to you for recognition when we meet ; this flower may I have ?'

Cécile appeared surprised ; she laughed almost scornfully, and gave it to him ; then he led her to the ball-room again. On entering, the first person they saw was Charles in his gorgeous array, looking not a little amused at Josquin's success. He good-naturedly helped him to mystify the lady and also to inspire her with confidence by whispering to her : 'A particular friend of mine ; a complete original, and very sentimental !'

And Josquin had chosen his time well for this much longed-for dance ; the crowd was thinner, and among those who remained

hovered the spirit that best animates a ball-room; it was sweet to heaviness with the breath of dying flowers, and the whitening sky only urged on the lingerers to enjoy the numbered moments of their pleasure. And, moreover, Josquin was a rare dancer, and, Cécile, flushed, excited, and piqued, caught the influence of it all, and gave herself up to her unknown partner, and Charles, watching her, thought he had never seen her so charming.

Charles, who had lost all other interest in the ball, looked on with delight at the success of this manœuvre of his, by which he only wanted to make Josquin his debtor while giving him a taste of pleasure. He was really deeply interested in the keen-eyed musician, and as he watched, thought what a pity it was that he had not been able to remain a gentleman and bring all his brightness and talent to the adornment of the

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Gasparein name. Charles's idea of his vocation in life was to found for the family the reputation of being merchant-prince-poets, and it was aggravating to see one of its shoots blossoming altogether independently of his family. 'How graceful the boy is,' he said to himself; 'he inherits the shape of his leg from us, though heaven knows where he gets his cracked head. We must do nothing to alarm him, but if anything can conciliate him, this will. What is he saying?—"Does she care for music?" "She adores it;" the devil she does. Ah, my cousin, you made a fool of me once; let us see if this time you cannot bring a fool to his senses;' and then, having given more attention than he had ever done before to other people's affairs, Charles went and made a lengthy supper by himself. He returned to help Cécile's *gouvernante* to find her

charge, and just overheard Josquin's good-night.

'But if not at your own house, where from henceforth can I meet you, madam?' he said eagerly, before Cécile turned away.

'Where? Do you go to the theatre?—to the gardens? Do you skate or ride? Do you go to Frau von A.'s, Countess von B.'s?'

'Yes, I do go to the theatre; I skate and walk in the gardens; I go where you go, madam, but you will not wish to recognise me in the place which I occupy. There are two worlds, madam, in social life. One contains you, living to smile, inspire, to approve, to criticise; the other, which contains me, who must live to be inspired, to be passive, to keep behind a mask, to be myself only at the risk of losing all.' Josquin spoke half earnestly, but suddenly Cécile drew herself back: 'Ah, sir, you are a riddle, and I have always thought that riddles are the

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stupidest things in the world when answered. Therefore, keep your mask ! I have no desire to see you risk all, as you say, by unmasking !' and Cécile seemed to want her ribbon and flower back, but her lady chaperone was calling her to bid good-night to his Excellency's guests, and as Charles came and tapped on the black domino's shoulder, with a reminder that they had better not be the last of the departing crowd, he saw him slip the ribbon and flower into the breast of his coat, well shrouded by his dark drapery.

## CHAPTER IX.

## TOWN AND ART.

THE Vienna world awoke the next morning to a silent town, resounding only with the querulous bells of Lent and business life and sober streets ; and if there were some to whom, after the long winter season of pleasure, the reaction was a relief, our musician was not amongst them, as he lay in bed that morning, ruminating on the truly dream-like end of his carnival, no more sated with pleasure than a trappist monk with meat, returning to his usual lenten fare after a feast-day's interruption.

Josquin lay, awakening from confused dreams, almost afraid to open his eyes, as the

sunshine poured in over the floor, for fear that daylight should bring out, as usual, a commonplace reality, hateful after happy visions. But some tokens of their truth were there lying in the sunbeams—a domino mask, a flower and a ribbon—amongst his music and manuscripts ; and tokens of other realities were there, but not common-place ones—his violin in its case, and a packet of letters from Dresden, all that Josquin has known of Elisabetha in the past two years.

Sometimes that waking moment will bring a gift of strange clearness and perception ; poor mortals will complain of its unpleasantness—for who can afford to realise his life too vividly ? Certainly, Josquin sat up discontented in bed, looking round him on the confused mass which seemed to typify his whole existence.

There were Cécile's ribbon and flower, and he had met her again with a new conscious-

ness of belonging to her; for was not she Charles's first cousin, and had not Josquin one precious bond in common with her—a mutual Aunt Agatha? And he had danced with her, and was settled near her, to be brought in contact with her by his art—so thus much was no dream; but how the ribbon-pledge was to be returned to her, as he had sworn, his dreams had *not* suggested. Pshaw! what poor satisfaction was his! what was he still but the humble servant of princes? how much nearer Cécile than before? And why should he crave after that which, of his own will, he had given up—that which he had assured Charles he still despised? And then, following on these reflections, was the question suddenly in his mind, which was to vex Josquin at his awakening for months to come: ‘Where now was the necessity for the bondage he chafed against?’

Now, such faithless questionings had never

all these years hampered him in his eager course, but once having started up, there were a good many things to give them force in the argument that was to follow. On his table at that moment lay a certain document which he had once put by with scorn ; it was framed by a worldly-wise baron, had been treasured by a well-meaning friend, and it now lay amongst the packet of Dresden letters.

These letters told a sad story. The tame old Klosterhaus had had its share of the commotions of the siege, and had proved quite a *feste Burg* to the inhabitants of its neighbourhood, for when the governor threatened to blow up the Alt Stadt, they had sheltered themselves in the remote building. Elisabetha had been its presiding genius ; in the courtyard, where sheds were put up, in the garrets and crowded apartments, she had worked, helping and encouraging all. It was

Paradies who bore witness of this, and who wrote eloquently. Josquin ought to have liked his enthusiasm, but, in truth, he could not bear the superiority which Paradies seemed to think he had gained by staying in Dresden : he wrote as if he alone could appreciate Lisa and possessed her entire confidence !

Lisa had had other things than herself to write of. In the midst of the heat and anxiety of that autumn, sickness had spread ; and Nodin had been one of the victims, though active almost to the last for the public good. Nodin was gone ; but when the siege was over, Elisabetha had been left with a new protector—an ancient lady, who, having lost all her earthly goods in a fire of the Neu Stadt, had consented to live with the young singer—that is to say, to be worked for all the rest of her days. As for the stage, all was gloom there ; Hasse had been ill, his

manuscripts had been destroyed, the opera was closed for almost a year. But Elisabetha had clung to the master, thankful that there was somebody in the world who seemed to want her ; and to her he looked to retrieve his loss when she should make her *début* as his pupil.

So Josquin now felt a pang as he took up his budget of letters to look out some which Nodin had sent him. Tipsy, beaming old Nodin ! it had been difficult at first to associate with him the idea of death ; but almost at once kindly death seemed to wipe away the remembrance of all the downhill side of his life, and his splendid ambitions, his aspirations, of which Lisa had known so well how to make use, ennobled him in Josquin's memory, and it was sad to think that he never saw those visions fulfilled, in which he had delighted to see himself at last respectable, helped onwards by Elisabetha's high vocation to the

stage. He had sent many messages to Josquin; and some letters which he thought might prove useful. Lisa added no comment on them; and Josquin had only laughed when he recognised the old correspondence between Nodin and his uncle. Now, what idle demon made him look it out?

‘My nephew must understand that it was  
‘never my intention, when I drew him from  
‘the miserable position in which his father left  
‘him in Paris, to give him equal advantages  
‘to my eldest nephew, Charles, my heir. But  
‘I wished to give him the education of a  
‘gentleman, and to put him, later, in the way  
‘of being independent. His inherited tastes,  
‘however, show me that a fruitless antagonism  
‘will constantly waste my endeavours. I will  
‘not be patient with such a scapegrace. Ex-  
‘perience alone can teach him his folly ; if he  
‘should come through it without further dis-  
‘credit and with a complete change of purpose,

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' I may consider yet the claims of my brother's  
' son. But as long as he remains a musician,  
' let him expect nothing more of me. He has,  
' I understand, adopted the name of his  
' mother : let him see that he does not come  
' in my way while he wears it.'

Josquin had come to Vienna, knowing well that an encounter with the Baron would make his position with Count Lichtenberg impossible. He now saw two things clearly—that if he wished to avoid an unpleasant interruption to his career, he must escape before the return of his people ; secondly, that if he hoped to regain his lost social position, he must not wait for a crisis, for the Baron's discovery might bring so much wrath on him as to prevent a reconciliation for ever. And yet, after pondering for some time over his letter, he felt that, above all, he dreaded any sudden interruption and, feeling ashamed; he thought as usual, What would Lisa say

to such waverings? I must be a hopeless fool; but anyhow, I love music still, and always shall, Baron or no Baron; and he seized his violin from the table, throwing down his letters, and began playing vigorously, sitting up on his bed, when there was a knock at the door; and before he had time to answer, it was opened, and Charles entered.

‘What, at it already? this is just as I like to find you, *schwärmer*: expressing your sensations of last night, I suppose? Heavens! what an original—I am dying to hear you play.’

‘This is very attentive of you, Charles; are you often out so early?’

‘No, indeed; and when I tell you, Monsieur mon cousin, that I came out early on purpose to see that it was all right about our affair of last night, you ought to be grateful. You need have no fear, the musicians are our allies.’

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Josquin thanked Charles by holding out his hand. Somehow, he had got over his first shyness and embarrassment at having been recognised, and Charles was so intelligent, and so friendly, that he felt less alarmed about his secret in his trust. And he was still more relieved when his cousin, instead of recurring to anything he had seen the past night, began making plans for the pursuit of music in the coming dull months.

‘ You have not the faintest conception of the delight your society will be to me. You know, old fellow, that I have always had a passion for art myself ; nothing would charm me more than to make it, as far as an amateur can, my profession ; but alas ! my duties—they only allow me to fill one part—that of the patron. But you and I will work together famously. My notion is to have music at my rooms twice a week during this

quiet season. For the opening concert I have already engaged a tenor, and shall have all the world ; but after that, our meetings shall be small and intensely æsthetic ; if you will honour me by playing, Josquin, you shall be heard by all the best judges of Vienna. You will be of service to me, too, in introducing your artist friends.'

Josquin could not help chuckling to himself at the notion of having to *patronise* his cousin in order to turn him into a patron. Anyhow, he was relieved, that Charles accepted him as an artist, and for the present did not want him to be anything else. Charles was impatient to hear him play at once, but Josquin had to keep an appointment with Meister Vulpius, a learned contrapuntist, and his cousin left him, engaged to come to supper.

The old master Josquin went to see what was a contemporary and friend of Hasse's,

and bore the young man interest. He came in with slippers feet and profuse apologies for his beard, which was of a week's luxuriant growth, but he nevertheless entreated Josquin to join him and Mistress Vulpius at their midday meal. Josquin could see a yellow old lady in a cap through a glass door and muslin curtain, seated at her dinner; the young man came from the fresh outer air, and that dinner certainly appeared to be rabbit and onions. However, he stayed and got his work looked over by the master, who carefully criticised and praised it.

Then it was time to go and deliver Charles's invitation to a certain rising *virtuoso*. He found him in bed, with a long pipe in his mouth, discussing the delights of the dancing hall of the night before, with a concentrated-looking friend. The other was an art critic, and each handed to the young violinist, with a patronising air, a gazette, containing the

remarks of the one on the playing of the other. There was also an article on *Greek music* which these omniscient gentlemen hoped to revive. Both men were successful in their profession, but for all their dull theories, had not they, too, their fun in life? What harm, thought Josquin, if he longed for his in more refined conditions? With a pang, he found himself comparing the two classes of his friends unfavourably to the fellow-workers. On the one hand there were the gracious, the brilliant, the tasteful ; real life, beautifully toned down by good manners ; on the other, real life *not* toned down—scrambling for success ; broad enjoyment no doubt ; but he must care for no other life who would enter thoroughly into this.

The remainder of the afternoon Josquin had to give to the Count. If he was out of tune with his brethren he was out of tune with his patron. As he played with him, he

was wondering how the ribbon should be given back to Cécile. Josquin chafed and kicked against the pricks, and they met him on all sides. The day ended smoothly, for at Charles's assembly the Lichtenberg party were not present, and Josquin only won great praise from a formidable audience ; and the Count afterwards heard of the sensation produced by his chamber-musician, and took more and more pride in his development, and treated him with all kindness and consideration.

At last came the evening when Josquin was to meet Fräulein von Lichtenberg (for she did not now spend her evenings in her uncle's music-room as at Dresden), and with a bold resolve, he put her ribbon into his pocket and went prepared to keep his promise. He knew she was there when he began to play, and he played his concerto splendidly well. It was the Count himself

who graciously went up to the violinist and said, ‘Dorioz, you have surpassed yourself to-night. You shall renew your old acquaintance with my niece, for whom you wrote that charming operetta last year at the villa ;’ and he led him up to Cécile. His Excellency must have been satisfied with the modesty of the young man’s mien ; but, in truth, Josquin’s courage so failed him that he could scarcely lift his eyes from the ground, as he saluted her like a stranger. But Cécile’s manner was full of graciousness. All saw the radiant eyes bent approvingly on the young player, and all heard the pretty thanks she gave him for his performance : but only Josquin caught the words that hastily escaped her lips.

‘ M. Dorioz, do you mean to say that you are only playing a part when you play like that ? —that you risk to lose all by being yourself ? ’

‘ Ah, madam, will you forgive that ? ’

Josquin could only stammer, so startled was he at hearing this lady quote his own words : ‘ I do not know how I could have been so daring ; but I am ready to brave all your displeasure. Here is the flower you gave me—do with it what you like ; ’ and he produced from his pocket the ribbon and flower.

‘ My uncle,’ the lady said, turning to the Count, who at this moment observed them, ‘ M. Dorioz preserves a pleasant recollection of our theatricals of old days at the villa : see, he has kept this *chiffon* in remembrance ! ’

Josquin could only give her his gratitude in one gentle look, but at that moment he was at her feet. He was called upon to play again, and had to leave her side, but he went with the delicious consciousness of having a secret with Cécile, and he found in his music a language which he could trust to leave

nought unsaid. Now it was happiness only to be in the same room with her. In the same room, do I say?—in the same dream, in the same heaven, in the same glad land of sound, at whose borders dulness and triviality fly away, whither pen and ink can never lead you, reader. Over the borders Josquin carries Cécile while he plays, and meanwhile the Count is asking whether she does not think his tone more delightful than ever; and the men call him clever, and the ladies handsome; and the lively host afterwards introduces him to all the ladies, who praise him, and Josquin has a reputation from that day in Vienna.

As the days went on, Charles's musical parties, and those at his patron's, were our hero's chief social excitement, but when Easter came, and these were merged into the fuller gaieties that burst out all the town over, he found himself invited and sought after and made much of in most distinguished circles.

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Charles kept his secret: the Gaspareins remained away. His employer was full of kindness and consideration, and fearing to lose the favourite violinist, who proved to be such an attraction to all his guests, gave him as much liberty as was possible. Charles, meanwhile, saw things going but slowly towards his intentions; but he was not impatient; he did not frighten Josquin in any way; he gave the Count to understand that his friendship was founded on pure admiration; he made acquaintance with his cousin's musical friends, and played the patron to his heart's content. Josquin instructed him in the proper language for an amateur to adopt on things of Art; he lent him ideas, taught him divine lessons (if he had had soul to receive them), in hours when he would play to him alone. In return, Charles was ready to lend him money, to take him to his own tailor and perruquier; he introduced him everywhere,

and drew him on himself, as far as was permitted him, into good society which began, to make much of him.

And more and more intoxicating the musician found it to be liked and sought by all that most attracted him ; and he swam with the stream, and desired no change ; for he had now his share and his part in life, and nothing that the Baron could do for him would give him a pleasanter position. Sometimes, indeed, he felt that he was drifting from the life of good fellowship with his artist-brethren, which once he had prized so much. But if Josquin had found more earnestness among them, he would never have been disloyal. Were they one whit less pleasure-seeking than the other brilliant society to which he half belonged ? Meanwhile, with that society lay his work, and for the present he must live for it.

But as the days of happiness and success

quickly succeeded each other, sometimes there would come one bringing a breath from old inspiring influences : a *call*, as it were, in the midst of his gay life, showing him that it was barren. Yet he was not idle ; he went constantly to Vulpius, who gave him wisest of counsels.

‘Take my advice, Dorioz, and stick to your work,’ he would say to him. ‘You have a great talent and good opportunities ; you are in favourable circumstances for a player, but you are in dangerous places for a composer. Vanity, frivolity—all that need not injure the performer : he is a lower creature than the creator. This one wants calm, purity of soul, humility. Stick to your writing, and don’t let your head be turned, my boy, nor let your genius fritter itself away into mere drawing-room charm. Above all, beware of the ladies, Josquin Dorioz, if that is possible, bless their hearts ! You are a good thing, and shouldn’t be spoiled.’

And Josquin felt that there was indeed little life in any of his written music ; in playing he was himself—but he was far from those days of enthusiasm when every rapture was a movement of dedication to his art.

One day a *call* came to him when hearing a little boy play the harpsichord at Charles's house. His cousin had been greatly excited beforehand, for the tiny virtuoso had had a success at Court ; but Josquin had not shared his expectation. But as the child played some compositions of his own, he was reminded of his own childhood of promise in Paris, and found himself listening with filling eyes. The little player, he felt prophetically assured, had a great future before him, and he longed to embrace him, and rejoiced to think that he, too, had known as a child something of that intuition which now radiated from the blue eyes of the little Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Another *call* was Elisabetha's *début* at Dresden : her letter telling him about it, her delight at being at last in the full service of her choice. Josquin's heart burned within him as he read her words. Her image rose up before him : Elisabetha there in Dresden, solitary, but identifying herself with a whole city in its troubles ; raising its drooping spirit by music ; absorbed in her art, but careless of praise ; discontented with only the noblest discontent ; striving only after the best : and he contrasted her with himself as he was when the letter found him—in buckles, ruffles, ready to go to a tea-party to play music, sometimes good, sometimes indifferent, grave or gay, according to the dictates of those whose applause had become that for which he lived. Elisabetha seemed to call him to return to simple life, to steady work. Could he not rise up and obey her ? Always impetuous, Josquin began in earnest

to go over in his mind all the difficulties that would lie in the way of leaving Vienna, and the means for overcoming them. Of this only he felt certain, that it was a good impulse ; he did not test his resolution—just as he was, he would go to Vulpius and get advice. On his way he reflected that what he would need more than advice was, alas ! money, to carry out any impulse towards freedom. If he received his salary from the Count, it would go but half way in paying all the small debts he had incurred, and from Charles he could hope nothing if he told him his object.

He found Vulpius at home ; the old man looked at him from head to foot, and turned him round with admiration : ‘ What a Frenchman ! ’ he exclaimed ; ‘ Ah, how I know the Frenchman ! look at his gloves, his perruque ! When *we* were youngsters and beginning to climb the tree, Dorioz, we did

not indulge in such elegant costumes. Now, tell me where you are going ?'

' To the Princess Kinski's where there is some music.'

' Ah, well, you were right to look in on your old friend on your way, though he has nothing but good advice to give you.'

' Master, I have come to ask you to give me a little more. Do you think that I should have a chance of getting a place at the opera in Dresden for the rest of this season ?'

' What, leave your engagement with the Count ! Do you really mean it ? Come, come, confide in me ; you are in a scrape, then, I suppose, and want to get away ?'

' No. I only find it difficult to work here ; I don't find myself on my usual footing with the friends of my profession ; I see too much of those with whom my work

has little to do, and I think I am wasting my time.'

'Dorioz, I think well of you,' said the old gentleman; 'you are quite right, you will do better by leaving his Excellency's service before long. Get back to Dresden, and throw up your appointment.'

Josquin then told him all his difficulties; suddenly the old man rose, went to his bureau, and bringing out a parcel of notes, handed them to the young man. 'Take those,' he said, 'you will repay me with interest some day, when you produce a good work. Go back to Dresden, and you will succeed, I am convinced.'

Quite overcome, Josquin left the house. And now briefly shall be told the sad episode that followed, for the reader has known enough of our hero's weaknesses. That evening, with the money in his pocket, he thought he would go to the Princess's, and

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there silently say his farewell to Fräulein von Lichtenberg. The party was quite small ; Cécile was seated near him at the little supper which ended the evening. As Josquin drank golden wine to his love, as she sat, radiantly beautiful, beside him, he suddenly felt ashamed of secretly thinking of leaving her. Cécile was never scornful now, her eyes were animated, her mood full of gentleness ; but there was in her manner towards the young musician a something imperceptible to all but himself, which seemed to imply a reproach ; she appeared to be waiting, to be unsatisfied. ‘Had she not caused him to be seated near her at the moment ?’ her mood seemed to imply ; ‘had she not given him smiles, kindness, admiration ? and what had he done to pay his debt for all this ? His devotion was slack, for a beautiful woman is not tender and tremulous without cost. She

was waiting.' Her mood was thus interpreted by Josquin himself, and he felt ready to do anything at that moment to show her that her condescension was all precious to him. Was he to leave her to-morrow after presuming to drink her health to-day?

On the table were displayed wonderful specimens of the plant which was the talk of half Europe about that time—the marvellous tulip, which money could scarcely obtain. As all admired a beautiful flower in the centre of the supper-table, Cécile said, 'If I had such a one, I should think it an unworthy position for my beautiful tulip; I would keep it in my window where only a few could see it.' She declared that she had searched all Dresden to find one like it lately, and was envious of the Princess. And Josquin, hearing her wish, vowed that if such another could be got, it should be hers before he left.

'The evening ended with music ; Josquin thought of farewell when he played to her, and when they praised him they said it was more divine than before.

Josquin did not go to bed at all that night : he spent it in getting ready for departure and in writing a song which had been running in his head all the while : 'Proud eyes, sweet eyes !' his verse ran, 'when you shine in full beauty and your poet hears the world's praise, his heart trembles and searches its bold longings ; but, sweet eyes, gentle eyes ! what when you are soft and drooping ? Ah ! then in humility his self-love is confounded ; for tenderness he can scarce confess his love !'

At dawn Josquin went out to search the town and all its gardens for the tulip he had promised himself to get for Cécile. For some time he wandered unsuccessful, but at last, after a walk which brought him out into

the suburbs, he saw what he sought. In the early morning sunshine, among the young green trees, Josquin found himself at the nursery gardener's, and there, raising its proud head, was the tulip—a more beautiful specimen still than the one Cécile longed to possess. Josquin asked the price.

'Fifty gulden,' was the reply.

'O cruel nurseryman! you know not what you ask!' the poor young man exclaimed; but then he went on: 'For one thing, it is the first time I have ever been extravagant with money! I will sell my buckles, my coat; I will go bare-backed to Dresden; I will then repay Vulpius. For once I must know this pleasure!'

And he pulled out the notes Vulpius had given him. Never had such a precious sum been expended on the foolish flower. Clasping his golden tulip, Josquin walked away reckless; he would carry it himself to

his lady's door: anything was worth this delicious moment! When he reached the streets, many a passer-by turned round to look at the keen-faced young man with his beautiful plant; at last the house was reached where Cécile, he thought, was probably still asleep, and he parted with his flower and his song, the tender canzonet which he had written in the night.

Then he went home to sit down to a more difficult composition—his letter to his patron. He had scarcely finished it when Charles came in breathless: ‘Fancy, Josquin, I come at this early hour from Cécile von Lichtenberg. I am certain she did not sleep last night. We took chocolate together and talked about—you, dreamer! but, *tausend Teufel!* what is this!’ he stooped over his cousin and seized his letter: ‘grant you your demission!—think a place in the Dresden Opera might be vacant for you!—what the devil do you mean?’

Are you getting frightened and going back to Dresden ?'

Josquin could only say that he feared his uncle's return : that he longed for the security of Dresden. How could he explain to Charles the different shades of feeling which had formed his sudden impulse of returning to the hardworking life with Elisabetha ?

' My dear fellow,' Charles said, ' you must not be ungrateful, foolish, and simple. Listen while I go on with what I was going to tell : Cécile the sybarite, Cécile the nonchalante, Cécile the worldly-wise, has known your secret all along, and has kept it for you, and she has done you this service, *schwärmer*, because—well, you don't deserve to be told.'

' Tell me, Charles !' Josquin said, burying his head suddenly.

' Because she loves you, and was afraid to lose you.'

Josquin answered nothing ; Charles went on :

‘Not in so many words, perhaps, but I have known her for so many years I cannot mistake her. And this precious sentiment of hers, Josquin, you will throw away ! for what, I should like to know ? What can inspire you better to work—if that is what you are bent on—than such a rare woman’s love ! When Cécile loves, it is not a little thing. I once thought her cold, but you seem to have drawn new life out of her.’ Charles was talking at random, thinking only of his own ends ; but his words could not but penetrate poor Josquin’s heart, and turn the foolish head buried in his arms. ‘But what did she tell you ?’ he said ; ‘will she betray me now ?’

‘She told me that she hoped nothing would occur yet to oblige her to explain to you her knowledge of your position. She guessed it when she first saw you in Dresden, and did not care enough to say a word ! After-

wards she cared too much!' and Charles sentimentally heaved a sigh.

Josquin might have questioned, but at this moment came a servant with a note from Fräulein von Lichtenberg. M. Dorioz was to come and be thanked immediately; and she wanted him to teach her the song he had sent that morning; and what was the meaning of his allusion to farewell in his words of the evening before, after playing so grandly?

Josquin's letter to Count Lichtenberg was not sent: he went to obey Cécile's behests, and resolved that he would afterwards himself explain his projects to his patron. And the warm May morning passed with Cécile, delicious in her white loose wrapper, sitting amongst her flowers; her eyelids were heavy with some agitation of the night before; her manner was simple and gentle; Josquin was too earnest and tender to allow her to be reproachful. She had his golden

tulip near her as she sat with her soft white arms in her lap ; he played to her, and the music seemed to excite her ; everything spoke of some repressed emotion ; and yet she was simple. She *wanted to be good.* Cécile *good* was distracting. Josquin breathed a soft atmosphere, like that of unborn spring, in her presence ; wonder and tenderness excited each other in his heart, and wrought a subtle charm over all his senses.

And that day passed, and the next, and the month passed, and he had not had the courage to say good-bye ; and what was the result of all Josquin's sudden impulse ? He remained in Vienna dancing, musicking, flirting—swimming with the stream. He told the disappointed Vulpius that his return to Dresden could not be managed, just scraped together enough money to pay his debt back, and then remained in Vienna, all the less in earnest for having made the effort towards liberty.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

ONE day, two months after, Charles and Josquin were walking arm in arm in the alleys of the Prater, gay with afternoon fashion and afternoon sunshine. They were both pre-occupied, though Charles, according to his habit, was making reflections on the attire of every woman who passed, from her shoe-buckle to her hat-ribbon; Josquin was absently answering, whilst his eyes saw nothing and his ears took in not a word, and passers-by might in their turn stare at the dreamy companion of the fashionable dandy.

Charles's thoughts were, indeed, entirely

occupied by his cousin's affairs. Charles, who had never made a decision in his life, found it most delightful to settle other people's matters ; he was as much in earnest as ever about using Josquin's talent as an ornament to the Gasparein name, and the time was come to speak frankly. He was considering how to bring Josquin to the subject, when suddenly the Lichtenberg carriage went by, and from it the young men received a bow and a smile which might have intoxicated a philosopher. 'It is truly romantic,' thought Charles, as he saw the suffused look in Josquin's eyes, 'this homage of music to beauty : surely it ought not to be difficult to keep our cousin amongst us.'

'Josquin, do you know that our revered uncle comes back to Vienna next week ?' he said aloud.

'Heavens ! does he come alone ?'

'No, accompanied by my mother and our

aunts. The Kärtner Strasse will once more be the abode of dullness and repose.'

Josquin stopped in his walk involuntarily, and involuntary too was his subdued voice, as he said sadly :

'Charles, I must leave Vienna immediately.'

'Well, and pray where will you go ?'

'I must go back to Dresden ; it will be impossible for me to stay here with my uncle, in the place you know his absence has alone allowed me to linger so long. My only difficulty is money.'

'Ah, if your music-notes did but turn into bank-notes, my boy, as they deserve ! But I fear they never will.'

'Oh, never mind ; they bring me freedom, liberty !' Josquin said, suddenly re-animating and throwing back his head. 'Cannot you understand, Charles, the feeling of oppression that comes over me when I think of the

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hampering effect the return of my family would have on my profession ?'

'Yes, there are your old chimeras again ; you talk as if you had gained no experience since that day of masks on which I met you, looking so frightened. But that was six months ago : things cannot seem to you what they did then. Now the world does not appear to you like a chess-board, black or white, everything distinguished merely as *art* or *outside art*. You see two worlds now which can be combined. I allow that my uncle's return raises a practical question to be decided at once ; it is the first occurrence that has come to disturb your enviable position here ; but why should you have but one thought, that of running away ? I don't think you yourself know what an interest you have raised here, how prepared everybody is to acknowledge you and to welcome you. Listen to my ideas for your

future. Your uncle comes back ; he hears all about him praise of a young genius whose power and brilliancy are the talk of the town. We must seize the moment, introduce you afresh to him, tell him that experience has made you wiser and more ready to enter into his views. He must see you, you will remind him of your father, then he will relent ; you must assure him of everything he pleases. I can do a great deal with my uncle—he will make you an allowance—'

‘Stop, Charles ; I am not at all prepared to give up my violin. What is to become of me when middle-age comes ? Conventionality without music and without youth ! horrible image.’

‘Wait for my picture, Josquin. What is to prevent your serving music for ever ? For awhile you live on your allowance, but as the Baron gets old, you regain all that you have lost. Meanwhile, in the world for which you

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are made you will gain experience! How can you make an opera out of your Dresden old ladies? You must feel, you must be excited to write!

‘Leave me to judge for myself, Charles, what are my inspiring influences,’ said Josquin, amused; but he smiled sadly; indeed, he hoped that his cousin did not know what a vexed heart he had. Six months before it had been hard; now, how had it grown, the difficulty of choosing between Cécile and his profession! He wished that he had not waited till now, and yet longed to put off the painful, practical decision.

But Charles was volubly continuing:

‘Don’t interrupt me, I am making a picture of what might be. You say that you will be left without consolations in your middle-age. On the contrary, middle-age will bring you the crown of life! Our uncle’s first

thought will be that you should make a marriage worthy of your name—you will be mated with a queenly wife of your choice—you know you have now only your profession between you and all the women—one who will sympathise with you, who will love music like yourself. When your uncle dies, you will both give yourselves up to the encouragement of art, you will be free, and mature, and ripe to produce. Then your name helps you to bring out worthily your own great work—and when the crowd applauds, the author will sit happy and successful, rewarded by the smile of his sweet, inspiring genius, who will presently come and declare him before the world ! There, Josquin, that is the career I want for you ; you will not be without consolations in your middle-age !'

Josquin only laughed ; but he was in love, and he felt that he was not far from taking

Charles's words seriously. At the end of a few minutes his cousin was encouraged by hearing him say with some interest : 'But, Charles, can you assure me that my uncle would have anything to say to me under the best of circumstances ?'

Charles could assure him of everything, and went on assuring him with vehemence, until he saw that all his friends whom he passed were laughing. 'Von Gasparein's musical craze doesn't let him be happy out of doors, unless he is lounging on the arm of a celebrated virtuoso.'

Some young men, walking in a row, wheel round and join Josquin and Charles in their walk.

'Where do you go to-night ?' said one of these. 'First, where do you dine? By-the-bye, M. Dorioz, of course you are going to hear the new opera to-night ; what do you know of it? All the musical world, I hear, expect

great things from this new flight of the amiable Gluck.'

Josquin started, for his thoughts were called from far away. 'Yes, indeed, he looked forward to it; he believed that in the "*Orfeo*" Gluck had fulfilled all the promise of his youth.'

'Where do you go, Von Gasparein?'

'To the opera, of course; it is the great night of the season.'

'To be sure, my dear fellow; I forget that no piece can now go through its first night without your criticism. Well, come and dine with us; there will be room for you and M. Dorioz in my box afterwards.'

'Thank you,' said Charles; 'we will dine, but we have long had our places for this wonderful novelty of Gluck's. What were you telling me, Josquin, about the revolution it is to make among the Italians and devotees of the Padre Metastasio?'

‘Well, for my part,’ said their friend, ‘I wish for nothing better than that delicious music of his “Helen and Paris;” and as for novelty and innovation, I suppose you dilettantes and artists can’t get on without some commotion to keep you alive; but it is the old masters who have possessed the secret of charming, and you will never improve upon their secret but by following their rules.’

They left the gardens, beginning to be emptied of their fashionable crowd; Vanity Fair jogging home, leaving the afternoon glory for its card-parties, dance-parties, the play, the concert, the opera—carriages, chairs, and pedestrians following, flocking in sheep fashion. But over the foolish glitter came the south wind and scent of flowers from distant gardens, and the golden light turned all to poetry, and Josquin thought it all very fair, and indulged the dream of happiness that Charles’s words had brought up.

Dream?—a dream? Oh! poor Josquin, he had had more than his share of such unsubstantial joys! he had been dream-sick these three years, that seemed to have passed into shadowy unreality; now, just as he appeared to touch life's good things, and love and sympathy were within his reach, they came in the form of a temptation; he might gain them only at the price of all his former life! It was just this that ailed Josquin; that he had been brought in contact with the world, with an unfair share of its praise, too little of its substantial sympathy; he had constantly poured himself out all these years; he had carried others with him into a land of dreams; he had stood up often in the room, with the eyes of all men and women then upon him, and he had given himself to them, but he had had no real friendship. Reaction from all the spoiling had brought about disgust of his profession, and by the

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side of the reaction, lo! there was a passionate sentiment in his breast, and when both these were combined in Charles's favour, it was hard for Art to contend.

Josquin loved the beautiful Cécile with an unreasoning passion when she was present; and when she was no longer there, he coloured all his vague longings with the thought of her. Now he walked along silent; his companions talked, but their talk jarred on him; and if, as he turned his eyes to the serene blue overhead, he fancied himself a traitor to his old ideal, he did not know how near to it he still was, and in what manner those vague longings were about to be satisfied.

The meal in the café, however, banished poetry, and in no very congenial mood Josquin took his place in the theatre, already crowded to overflowing.

The composer, whose work drew this

large audience, was coming back to Vienna in the full manhood of his genius, after two years of absence. He brought with him new inspirations, which were the fruit of a beautiful life of industry, a wholesome and original taste, and a bold independent spirit, which raised him above his conventional contemporaries. Perhaps Gluck had not more genius than the other composers of operas of his time, but why has he survived them? why does he still delight us when even the giant Handel has ceased to live in his operas? Where are Hasse's astounding forty and nine, said to have been loved as our Rossini's are by us? and those of Scarlatti, and the Padre Martini, from whom such gems of melody have come down to us? Precious pedants, flesh and blood will not stand you! Gluck's secret was to be natural; by the law, even in music, no man can be saved.

It was many years later in Paris that the antagonism between the Piccinistes and Gluckistes was carried on, but in 1762, in Vienna, when 'Orfeo ed Eurydice' was given for the first time, the enthusiasm of all Germany drowned the voices of the Italian masters and singers, who exclaimed against the barbarism of the new writing for the voice. Already Gluck was a favourite with the Court, so that the theatre was filling with a gay crowd as our friends took their seats, and Josquin's eyes were roaming among the fashionable boxes to see the arrival of the Lichtenbergs, when a slight applause filled the house, greeting the arrival of the composer, who took his place at the harpsichord. He had missed seeing the great Gluck's face, but the overture began; he settled himself to listen with an effort—but in another minute Josquin was absorbed,

carried away, in a world where there were no uncles or fair bewitching Céciles, nor dead, nor living, nor bounds, nor limits : he was drinking in great music with all his might.

All who love music know it—the power of the first wave of violins in the overture or symphony to wash us of all our dullness and dryness, to carry us straight out from ourselves. In that first delight our personal conflictings seem to be merged into a universal satisfaction, our pitiful dogmas and theories into living, fresh assents. We believe in law and harmony—yea, though it be the unconquerable woe of the world that weighs on our hearts, they rush out to meet joyfully all the sorrow of the world—inhuman, unearthly power of sound ! To our musician, the first rush of instruments in the majestic allegro was a spell to break him away from himself,

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and the strong fresh overture prepared the hearers for the sublime story of the old Greek.

The curtain rose ; there was the tomb of Eurydice, dead, spite of her husband's mighty power ; shepherds strewed it with leaves and flowers, and Orpheus himself was stretched in despair over the funereal stone, his great lyre fallen from his hands. Now loud swelled the dirge of the shepherds' chorus, and now, through it, came piercing the cry of anguish from his lips, 'Eurydice !' Then he remained alone ; and entranced, Josquin heard the tender air that follows, and the impassioned recitatives, wherein the music-god is wrought up to defy the power of death and seek his wife at the gate of hell. Love appeared then ; and in tender strains, told of the sanction of the gods, and with a great major burst of song, accompanied by rushing violins, Orpheus departs for the land of spirits.

We read how these wonderful recitatives struck Gluck's Italian contemporaries with scorn. Josquin thought of Hasse, and nearly laughed aloud. His heart was leaping up in joyful recognition of the master, whom, he felt from henceforth he must serve. When the curtain fell, Charles, beside him, was languidly applauding and looking round to see what impression the act had made, and Josquin had just done storming all he could with both hands, when their friend of the Prater came up.

'Allow me to say, M. Dorioz, that this is what is called applauding before the candles are lit. I for one, intend, if the next act is not much more exciting, to turn my back upon your master-piece, for I certainly have been bored. Candidly tell me, what do you see so remarkable in this music ?'

What did Josquin say? what was his heart saying? Yes, he too was a musician!

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Whereas he was blind, now he saw ! It was a revelation, but he had little thought he was in the frame of mind for one to come to him. Josquin sat silent and humble, he could not reply to Charles's friend ; but he prevailed upon Charles to say nothing till he had heard further.

When the curtain drew up again, there was disclosed the heart of the infernal regions, and Pluto like Satan in a miracle play leapt with a thump on the boards. There was something quaint and almost mediæval in the jumble of the scene, but like children, the public on this first representation rewarded the manager with a burst of applause. ‘Come,’ thought Josquin, ‘those that are not against us are for us,’ and soon he was satisfied that in the main the composer carried his audience along with him. Indeed that severely simple music will speak to the intelligence of a child ; the thrilling fury-chorus

and dance; the divine prayer, and harp-accompaniment of Orpheus, interrupted by the sonorous ‘No’ of the hell-chorus—then the dreamy music of the blest, the meeting of Orpheus with his beloved.

As for our hero, when the curtain once more fell he could not trust himself to turn to Charles, he had not thought it possible that he could be so overpowered by an impression of power and beauty; for days he had been cold to all such impressions. These were living waters into which he had plunged dry and thirsty, and new possibilities seemed opening to him. An over-mastering emotion and great joy seized him, and he kept his face averted from Charles, for he felt that his eyes were welling over with strange tears.

The audience were now worked up to enthusiasm, and there yet remained the great song, the chef-d’œuvre of Gluck, ‘Che farò

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senza Euridice.' When the last act was over the whole house rang with the applause. Josquin was so much excited that he could not speak as he left the theatre. As for Charles, he also now became wonderfully interested—he declared he could not finish the evening in an ordinary manner, but must rush off to convert somebody, or to fetch some Eurydice from the grave. Should they go and hear what the Count thought about it, and perhaps see Fräulein Cécile? Or no, Josquin must take him to hear more about this wonderful work. Could not they go and sup with his clever theorist friend?

So Josquin led the way to the house of the virtuoso, and soon the elegant Charles was sitting listening with bewildered but anxious deference to the theories of this far-seeing and omniscient person.

In our day too, we hear a language which expresses ideas not unlike those of these

worshippers of Gluck and Calzabigi, who had rebelled against the conventionality of Metastasio's composers. The language of followers often gives one a sense of staleness, but let us dip again into the fountain-head from which trickle their shallow rivulets and we shall find the theories they worship fresh and living.

Such a sense of staleness, however, now came over Josquin as he heard Charles and his newly-found brethren inveighing against the old-fashioned librettos, which Gluck had laid on one side. He sat apart silent and absent, but a word was put in by a man who had just come back from Dresden, which made him attentive.

'The old Saxon's operas are already out of fashion, no doubt,' he said; 'but still, if you think that they are fatal to all great acting, you should go to the Court Theatre at Dresden to hear their new singer, Hasse's

pupil—*then* you will see one who can throw some nature into the stilted parts.' A thrill passed through Josquin, when these words reached him; this was the first time he heard Elisabetha mentioned by the outer world!

'I have heard wonderful things of her,' said the virtuoso, who knew everything. 'Lisa Vaara you mean? When is she to come to Vienna?'

'She is more likely to go to Vienna with Hasse if the master leaves Dresden, for she remains with him like a daughter. But I hope the opera will survive the troubled times there. The Vaara is doing wonders for it. The King positively allows persons outside the Court to take the places reserved for the official circle, for he can no longer afford his free theatre, and the house is crowded, and the Vaara is the favourite of court and *bourgeoisie* alike. But the season is coming to a close sooner than usual.'

‘Josquin, did you not know something of this Lisa Vaara when you were in Dresden?’ said Charles.

Josquin stood up quite pale. ‘Indeed, I did know something of her.’

‘Why, you funny fellow, you have never mentioned her appearance on the stage to me! Are you not longing to see this wonderful pupil of Hasse?’

‘M. Dorioz must make haste about it,’ said the man from Dresden; ‘the opera closes for repairs in a week. These are the last nights of the magnificent Lisa.’

Josquin could not keep still, but began walking up and down the room in great excitement. ‘Are you sure of this, you say? In what did you see Lisa? What is she like? Tell me something more about her!’ To the amazement of Charles, who imagined that Josquin’s thoughts were entirely occupied by Cécile that evening, and who was greatly dis-

concerted on hearing this sudden outburst about *another* lady. ‘She is the companion of my boyhood; think! that her first season should be over, and that I should not have seen her whom everybody else is talking about!’

Josquin went on, and Charles began to think his cousin was a little mad with over-excitement; and, abruptly saying good-night, led him away as quickly as he could.

But Josquin only seized his arm and said: ‘Charles, listen here. You were right just now to think me extraordinary for not having talked about Elisabetha—she belongs to a part of me that you do not know, and that is just half of me. And if I let her first season go by without seeing one of her appearances, I shall be a poor creature. But I swear I must get there in time: so farewell, my good Charles; I go straight to my patron.’

‘Good heavens ! Josquin, and you lose your good opportunity—your uncle’s return ?’

Josquin burst out laughing : ‘It is *too* absurd that I should for a single moment have thought of your proposals ! But look here, Charles, I think something has happened to me this evening, or is it that the music we have heard to-night is indeed a revelation ? While I heard it, I hungered to see Elisabetha. This afternoon, your bright picture of a life tempted me, I will confess ; but what do you think of the life that Gluck’s music suggests ? *I, too, am a musician*, Charles ! When I settled to leave Vienna two months ago, to go back to Elisabetha, I was going to make a sacrifice ; it cost me much. But now I feel drawn, pulled all one way—there is no sacrifice.’

Hunger and thirst after righteousness ! What else is sacrifice ? All arguments might not have prevailed against Charles, but when

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Josquin showed so unfeignedly his longing to go, he could no longer hope to see his plans fulfilled. He saw all clear before him—his uncle's return—the end of Elisabetha's season. He would go straight to Count Lichtenberg, tell him everything. And as for Cécile—above all, no good-bye.

Two or three days afterwards, a certain court doctor, who has already been introduced to the reader in Faustina's salon, and whose comfortable travelling carriage was well known on the road between the King Augustus' Saxon and Polish capitals, was nearing Dresden by a day's journey. He was Dr. Ivanhoff, the Russian of universal sympathies and bland humour, and he was hurrying on his road with professional haste, when his carriage was stopped on its way by a block.

There had been a flooding of the river

over the road, a coach upset in the flood ; in a moment the handsome doctor had jumped out to see what had happened, and often after called up the picture that amused him then. The water rushed across the road in a yellow torrent : out of the overturned vehicle lying in its midst, were scrambling the hurt and frightened passengers ; some wood-cutters had rushed down from the hill-side to help, and were struggling to pull the mass of luggage out of the stream, and save the floating packages. The everlasting pines of the country, the sandy unkind hill-sides, formed a desolate back-ground ; and the principal figure of the melancholy scene was not unknown to the doctor. A young man in a black travelling suit stood perched on a high boulder, triumphantly grasping a dry violin-case, though desperately wet himself ; he was helping, ordering, storming, assuring the dismayed coachman that it was quite

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possible to get on ; while his voice was almost drowned by the roar of the stream, which rushed like a torrent down the valley, parallel to the road.

The doctor could not watch long, for he was called away to give his services to more than one hurt person. When it was time to go on, he looked round for the hero of the violin case, but he was nowhere to be seen ; and being in a hurry to attend the accouchement of a princess, the doctor proceeded on his way. He was trying to recall where he had seen the young man's face before, when his carriage passed him walking, still with his violin for all luggage. In a moment he had it stopped, and invited him to take the seat beside him.

' Ah, sir, you render me a great kindness ; I could never have reached Dresden to-night on foot.'

' May I ask, young man, for what you are

in such a hurry ?' said the doctor, still trying to recollect his name.

' Monsieur will perhaps think it absurd of me to dream of going to the theatre, to-night, such a figure as I am. But still I hope now to be in time to see the last night of the performance. I am a musician, you see, sir ; I have been away two years, and a fellow-student of mine has since come out at the opera : I cannot let her first season go by without hearing her.'

' What is her name, may I ask ?'

' Elisabetha Vaara.'

' To be sure, the new prima donna, whom they are talking about. Why, Monsieur le violiniste, your name is not known to me, but I remember you by sight; did you not once play at Faustina's, on a remarkable occasion ? I am glad you have kept to your violin.'

He continued to talk so agreeably that

the hours passed, and Josquin was surprised to recognise the outskirts of the town. It was nearly six o'clock, he was in time for the opera. His heart leapt up as he recognised the dear places, for somehow, Dresden was home to him. The verse from a cantata he was fond of, returned to him again and again : ' My soul is escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler ! ' ' Is escaped, is escaped,' he kept repeating.

' Make haste, my young friend, for you are only just in time,' said the doctor, ' and none left for attiring yourself.'

## CHAPTER XI.

LISA.

THE shadow of the theatre and its neighbouring houses stretched out lengthening across the square in the yellow sunset light, and the people were converging towards it, when Josquin arrived, unrefreshed after the toil and soil of his journey, only just in time to enter with the rest. For one minute he had paused to look out from the bridge across the river, rushing out as it were into the glorious cloud-world of the sunset, on the lovely marriage of town and nature, so dear and familiar to his eyes. Then he had turned with love to the pretty Opera-House, and recalled the day, years back, when as now that

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house had been the goal of his wanderings. Ah ! how strange she had appeared to him—she who now drew his footsteps back to the spot of their first meeting ! He burnt with curiosity to see his old companion on the stage : her voice he knew was matchless, but he could not guess what her acting would be, and he passed into the theatre, and threw himself impatiently into his seat.

Thus in the wrought-up condition to which his march from Vienna, his rapture about Gluck, and his long journey had brought him, the familiar sound of the instruments tuning up fell strangely on his ears. They seemed to him the imprisoned cries of formless music, not yet brought into organized being ; they only awaited the touch of the master, his submission to rule, his inspired mathematics, to bring all into harmony. That great music of Gluck seemed to have given the soil of his own mind new fertility, for all along

his way his mind had been full of music, and he felt new possibilities for writing. The opera was one of Metastasio's, whose place in his century a witty writer has made us realise—‘the poet of the court, the writer of fashion, the favourite of muses and ladies, the charming, the precious, the harmonious, the flowing, the divine Metastasio—he who of all others most excelled in the culinary-dramatic art of his day.’ And the opening choruses of the Act never appeared more stilted and dull than they did now to the musician coming to them penetrated with the poetry of ‘Orfeo;’ but soon what life was to come into the composition! Josquin knew by heart the moment when the prima donna should enter; but when it came, his heart beat violently, and he scarcely dared to look—when suddenly her great voice thrilled through and through. It was Lisa!—it was her large fair head, her massive figure, her

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pathetic face—it was Lisa in all the power of her art, stirred and inspired, lost in her part ; Lisa, exercising her power over hundreds.

All over the house the attention became profound, and the enthusiasm of the audience seemed to add to Josquin's excitement. There seemed to be sympathy between the singer and the town. The saddened mood of the people had perhaps something to do with its passion for Elisabetha Vaara : a serious spirit pervaded all ranks which filled the theatre ; and in the royal boxes and those of the court, in the official seats and in the orchestra, there were people grateful to the prima donna, whose appearance had caused their favourite amusement to revive.

Josquin thought of Nodin, and listened with emotion. The old man had guessed it all, but Josquin was taken by surprise. How she must have worked ! he felt, as he listened to each phrase. She seemed to give the music

significance and power, that power which is facility, and that facility which is work. She was simple and calm in her acting, but there were bursts wonderful for their élan and large impulse. The part which Lisa filled, like many of those belonging to the librettos which appear to us affected and absurd, was full of a certain nobility—she was not cramped by her part. As an actress she was the same grave, *responsible* Lisa of old ; but there was a new repose about her : as she exercised her art, she produced an impression of health and strength, which helped the power of her beautiful voice. *Heilig*, we are told, means both healthy and holy—*heilige* Lisa ! The poor prodigal listened to her this night, and felt in her large beauty a healing charm. She sang as if she was good, and he saw the loveliness of goodness ; he came back to feel that in Lisa's warm true nature he

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might find that which could satisfy his wandering desires.

But as the opera went on, and Josquin witnessed the great success of his friend, he could not make up his mind to go round to find her between the acts ; and when it was all over, and he came slowly out of the theatre on the stream of a delighted crowd, suddenly a feeling of sorrow came across all his joyful pride. Instead of hurrying straight to the Klosterhaus as he had intended, he stood hesitating at the door of the theatre, and was still there when all had dispersed, and the footsteps of those who walked away were beginning to sound faint. He hesitated because he had been taken by surprise ; he had been thrown out of his calculations by the revelation of Elisabetha's greatness. He *could* not now go naturally to her, as if there had been no interruption to the old days. She had surpassed all his expectations—she

had grown a giantess! It was just this being taken by surprise which made Josquin shrink from meeting Elisabetha after her triumph. He had not foretold it—once he had patronised her much. Of late he had treated her forgetfully. Alas for the woman nature Josquin had become familiar with during his wanderings! It made him now doubt even of Lisa's friendship.

However, it was not very long he doubted. In the first place, for his night's lodging where could he turn his steps but to the Klosterhaus, where he was known, and would be given credit? After he had resolved at all events to sleep there, he picked up his bag and violin-case at the doctor's hotel, and made for the door in the street, opened to him by the old porter with his usual gruffness to strangers. 'No room or lodging at all to be had in the house on so short notice' was the reply to Josquin's enquiry; but then sud-

denly recognising him he changed. ‘ Ah, Mister Dorioz ! I did not know you at first ; oh ! to you our old lodger. . . . ’

‘ That is right, August ; you were always faithful to old friends. Can you give me a lodging ? And you have still the Fräulein Vaara ? ’

‘ Yes ; God bless her, sir ; she has been faithful enough to the old place,’ said the porter, who let the house for the landlord, and got a percentage on the rents. ‘ That is what I like to see, and I would rather lose all the rest of my lodgers than her. Would you believe it, they begin to grumble since the siege about the unhealthiness of the place ! I tell them the Fräulein Vaara, your honourable friend, is contented enough ; and who knows what fine apartments she might now be occupying in the smartest quarter of the town ? ’ the porter went on mysteriously.

Josquin was deeply interested. Did she

see people after the opera ? Did many come to see her ?' The old fellow put on an innocent expression. 'Oh ! Mister Dorioz, that's what others than you come and ask me. You are an old friend—you have the right—to you I will tell what you like. But when a great gold-laced lacquey, taller than the Fräulein Vaara even, comes and tries to get out of me the times of her going in and coming out, I just send him about his business. You cannot imagine what a *ganz stilles Fräulein* it is ! I know her ways by this time, and she trusts me. The lacqueys—always the same livery you see—bring nosegays, fruits, presents, and leave them here ; they know it is no good to take them to the Fräulein's door—all that ends not—then one day there comes to the gate a coach with two horses and lacqueys—same livery—thundering through the doors into the courtyard, stops before the Fräulein's door. In a minute everybody in

the house knows that the coach has come to fetch her, with her bag and baggage, to carry her off to some magnificent apartments, taken for her by some Excellency or other. Every head is put out of window waiting to see her come out—not a bit of it ; they are all taken in, the discontented grumblers ! all his Excellency's efforts are in vain to bring away the Fräulein Vaara. She passes the Klosterhaus, the carriage rolls away, and she remains with us still. Ah ! but I am glad you have come, Mister Dorioz, for she is quite too still. She came in just now with her gouvernantin after the opera, looking as if she had been praying at vespers ! You will bring her a little gaiety, for you are the only friend she has ever favoured.'

Come ! the old fellow's recital was not discouraging, and Josquin would have liked to make him prolong it, but he thought it better to be discreet, and asked him to lead

the way to his room he was to occupy for the night. August, however, who declared himself such a Cerberus with regard to his Excellency's lacqueys, seemed not disinclined to indulge the young man's interest in his friend. They crossed the court, and as they mounted the old stairs he pointed out a window high above the little landing, and invited Josquin to get up on a bench with him to look through. 'There ! though it is too late I suppose to-night for the Fräulein to receive you, you can see her if the shutters are open as usual—there across the court, on the ground floor.'

There indeed, in the candle-light of her room, through the windows left open to let in the warm air, Josquin, unable to resist the porter's invitation, beheld Elisabetha. Ah ! how did the peaceful picture reassure him, and dispel his doubts towards his friend ! She was still in her opera-cloak, sitting where

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she had thrown herself down exhausted, after coming in from her performance—in the old posture—her cheek resting upon her closed hand—the small feminine hand contrasting with the largely-built frame, which gave such a strange character to her whole appearance. She seemed as usual far away in a world of her own; and quietly sitting there, she appeared all the stiller for the bustling about of an elderly woman in a night-cap, coming and going across the windows, as if preparing the table for supper. This was what the porter had called the Fräulein's ‘gouvernantin,’ Josquin supposed. He felt horribly ashamed of himself as he turned to follow the man up to his rooms, and would not let him talk any more.

But his words, and still more the glimpse of Lisa herself, had banished all his shrinking, and he felt he must see her at once, tell her of his return, of his having seen and heard

her that night. After hastily tidying himself, he rushed down his stairs across the court, and in through the entrance to his friend's apartment on the ground floor (she had come down to the more comfortable rooms since Nodin's death and her own success).

'The Fräulein Vaara, was she at home?' he timidly asked of the middle-aged night-cap who opened the door with a lamp in her hand.

'The Fräulein sees nobody after nine o'clock,' was the reply.

'Not even an old friend? I am Josquin Dorioz; would she not . . .' but here the inner door was opened, and Lisa stood there, holding out her hands, and before a word had been exchanged, the astonished gouvernant beheld the two—they hardly knew how it came about themselves—kiss each other on the cheek, as though they had been brother and sister. She was the first to speak.

‘ Josquin, I saw you there two hours ago.  
What has kept you from coming sooner to-  
day ? ’

‘ What ! you saw me ? At six I arrived  
in Dresden ; at half-past six I was listening  
to you, and now—you see I am here.’

‘ And you have only just arrived ?  
Have you supped ? Regenfurth, quick !  
let us give M. Dorioz supper. I will finish  
that salad ; you go and look in the larder.’

They heard each other like those who,  
after long parting, listen to the voice of a  
friend—dear music, familiar as his face. Do  
not imagine that Lisa busied herself deftly  
or gracefully over the becoming duties of  
hospitality—she was the same as the little  
Melancolia of old, waiting with absent, un-  
conscious movements and dreamy eyes.

‘ So you saw me, made me out in all that  
crowd who applauded you, Lisa ? ’

‘ Yes ; you told me that you would not

let my first season pass without seeing me. I have looked for you the last few nights.' She said it without any meaning of reproach, but Josquin took it at once as such.

'Ah ! you wonder what has kept me so long, and why I have not written,' he said ; 'but you know I was not my own master...' He was wondering how much he should tell her, when Regenfurth interrupted him with supper, placing a cold chicken and a bottle of wine on the table, and Lisa insisted on his sitting down to sup, saying they should talk afterwards.

'Yes, we will talk,' Josquin said, 'but only of you to-night, dearest sister. Oh, Lisa ! *you* have genius, *you* have inspiration ! I will tell you thus much about myself, that this evening, after seeing you so great, I was ashamed of my own powers. I thought I could not come back to you as in the old days.'

The colour that lighted up her cheeks with pleasure was the best answer she could give to his words : one who is too much used to praise does not blush at her friend's.

'I am glad you were not here when I began, and yet to have had your praise then would have been good.'

The old gouvernantin had pinned her napkin across her chest, and was placidly eating a plate of cabbage and wurst between the two excited friends. She here broke in :

'My dear, let Mr. Dorioz eat. I dare say he is not like you, who never touch a morsel after excitement. Ah ! sir, if you had been here, you would have applauded with the rest, and thanked Heaven for giving her such genius as you call it ; but, for my part, I never suffered such a time of anxiety as five minutes ago, when I thought the child would kill herself with excitement.'

'Hold your tongue, Regenfurth. Mr.

Dorioz will think you a queer old thing. *He* lives with people who go to bed at morning, and who don't think about their digestions and their migraines like you and me.' She had been quick to see the little change in Josquin's appearance, the refinement of his dress and person, the touch of languor, the something of dissipation in his manner—she seemed to know at once that he had been leading a different life from the old Dresden life.

'You will find out, Josquin, how well my Regenfurth and I get on ; she has taught me how to knit my stockings, and she mends them all for me.'

The elder woman looked with such tenderness on the girl that Josquin rejoiced that Lisa should know her care, and this motherly creature seemed to add to the peacefulness of her existence, and somehow Josquin had lost all his impression of awe of an hour

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before. Soon restored by the wine and chicken, he was talking of old days with Elisabetha, making plans for the future. But to her questions he would only answer vaguely, 'I am the man with his talent hid in a napkin, Elisabetha, and lo! you have gained five unto your five. Let us only talk of you, and not of my wanderings, to-night.'

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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